THE BYSTANDER
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JUNE 25, 1930

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The BYSTANDER

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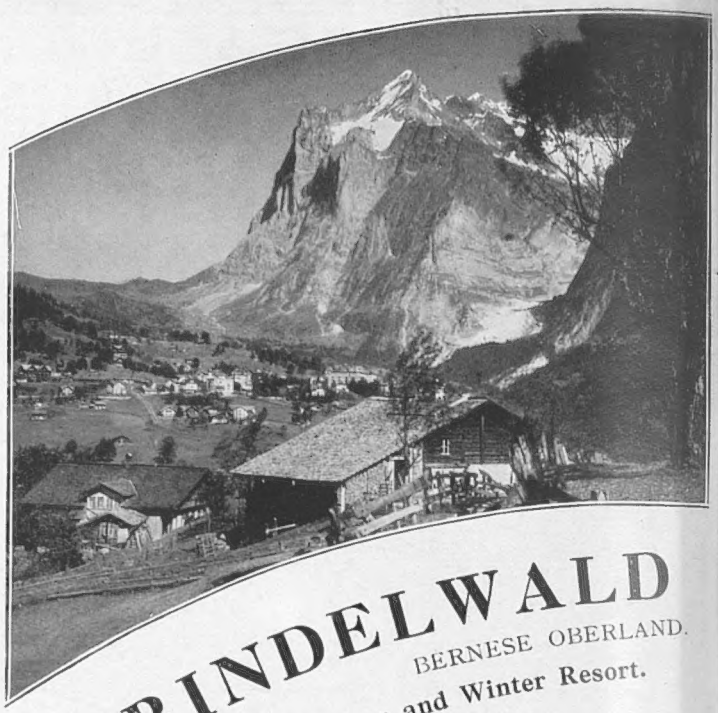

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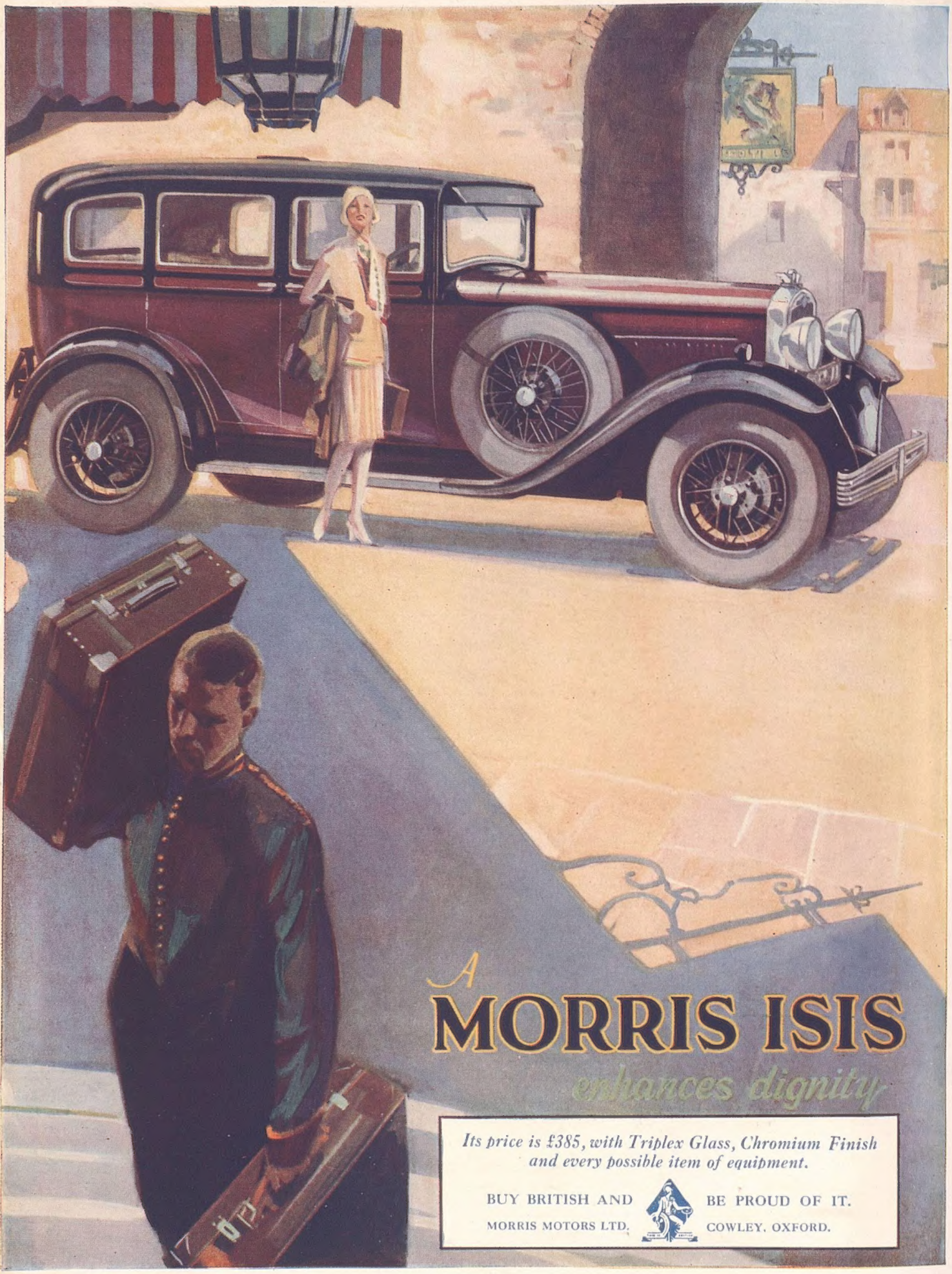
The Bystander, June 25, 1930 No. 1384 Vol. CVI

the BYSTANDER

ELSA MACFARLANE

Cigarini

One of that cheery little band the Co-optimists, who have been at the Hippodrome doing much towards making a Brighter London, and are now cheering up the provinces. Miss Macfarlane made her stage debut at the Winter Garden Theatre in 1919



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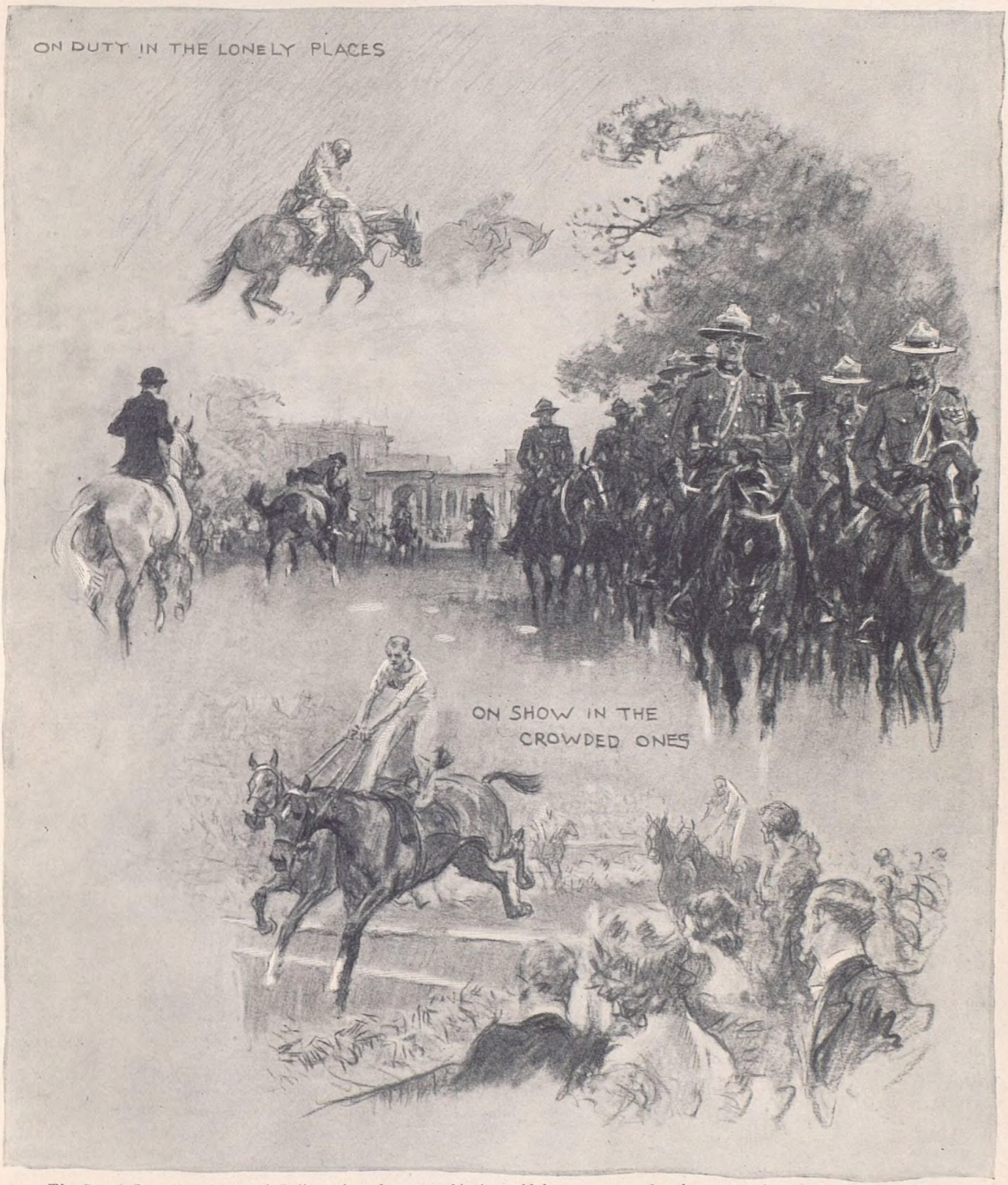
THE GREAT DRAW at the HORSE SHOW



The Royal Canadian Mounted Police, whose horsemanship is world-famous, sent a detachment to take part in the International Horse Show, which opened at Olympia last Thursday. It is to be hoped that their presence will result in the Show being a financial success instead of losing money as has been the case in recent years

BY GILBERT HOLIDAY

ASCOT—BEFORE THE DELUGE—

The crowded Royal Enclosure at Ascot in the sunshine. The new long skirts and large picture hats were much in evidence this year, as will be seen from the photograph above

Topical

Central News

Their Majesties acknowledging the cheers of the crowd as they drive down the course before racing starts. The Duke of Gloucester and the Prince of Wales are seen with them in the carriage

The Passing

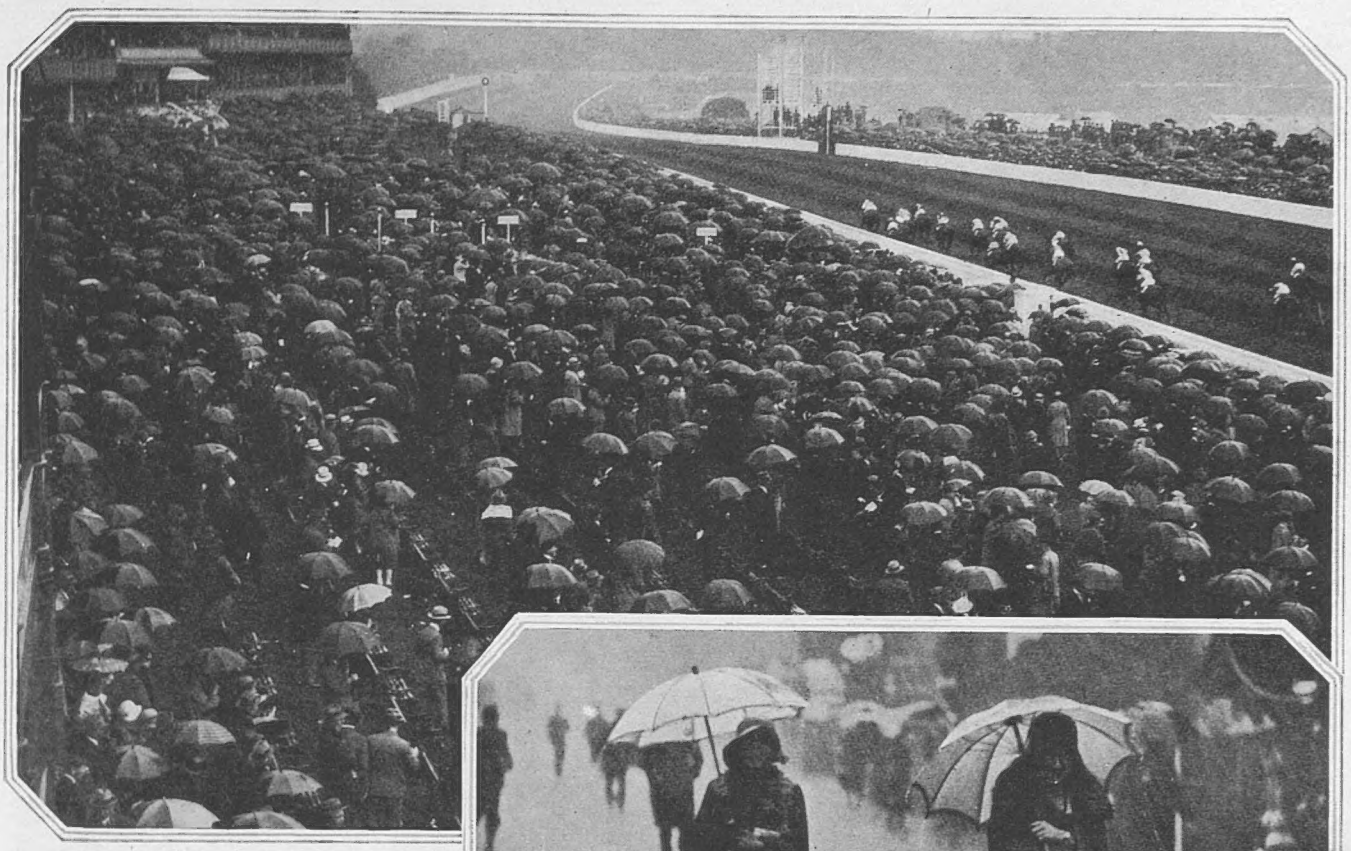
An Eventful Ascot

THIS has certainly been an eventful Ascot. Never has racing been abandoned there before. Hundreds of people in the Royal Enclosure and the Grand Stand must have seen that unfortunate bookmaker killed at Tattersall's. I saw, myself, the flash, and heard the peculiar bang it made. As for the fashions—well, you only need to look at the photographs in this week's BYSTANDER to see how extraordinary the freak frocks were.

Fainting Children

THE weather and the conditions varied from day to day as much as the fashions. The hot, glazed warmth of Tuesday went with organdie, while chiffons met their Waterloo on Wednesday. Thursday and Friday were different again. On Tuesday several children fainted on the far side of the course, and kindly people at the Highland Brigade Tent brought out cups of water and brandy to the prostrate figures.

—AND WHEN THE STORM BROKE



G.P.U.

The Royal Hunt Cup being run just as the storm burst over Ascot. It was won by Mr. J. A. Dewar's The Macnab (F. Fox up), Grand Idol and Lion Hearted being second and third

Hour

Stranded

ON Wednesday there were many damsels in distress—marooned in the Club tents. Some of them saw no racing at all, because the way back soon became impassable. Their frocks, which would have been completely ruined if they had not been under shelter, were, in any case, partially spoilt by the later deluges. Quite early on, the men's tall hats were battered either by the rain or by the effort to raise them to their friends from underneath umbrellas.

A Mother's Confession

TUESDAY was the most crowded opening day that I can ever remember at Ascot, and it was impossible to make or keep a rendezvous. Here and there I saw the Aga Khan, Lady Cynthia Slessor, Sir Thomas Lipton, Sir John Milbanke, and Lady Anne Wellesley, whose mother, Lady Douro, is said to have confided to friends that she tried to dress her just like one of Mr. Cochran's young ladies.

(Continued on page 655)

MAKING THE BEST OF IT L.N.A.

Two fair victims ploughing their way through the driving rain and muddy water at Ascot. The thunderstorm which burst over the course on the Wednesday did incalculable damage to hats and frocks

CASABIANCA AND ASCOT Photopress

A solitary bookmaker who remained at his post when all but he had fled before the terrific storm of last Wednesday. The deluge put an end to racing for the day and turned the course and its surroundings into a lake

ARE THE LONG SKIRTS DOOMED?

Sport and General

MR. AND MRS. R. ARMSTRONG-JONES

Sport and General

MISS MARION WILSON ARRIVING AT THE COURSE

Central Press

MISS JONES AND MISS GORDON MOORE

THE thunderstorm which burst over Ascot turned a brilliant dress parade into a distress parade, and before many minutes had passed the damage done to flowing dresses and picture hats reached hundreds of pounds. Naturally, the sight of bedraggled dresses being lifted out of the mud gave prominence to the question whether the long skirt for day wear is doomed. All the same, on Thursday and Friday undaunted women emerged in the long frocks that one mere male described as resembling fabrics for furniture covers, but were mainly really lovely, colourful, and graceful. It needs more than a thunderstorm to change Fashion!

Keystone

PRINCESS GEORGE IMERETINSKY AND A FRIEND

Sport and General

MRS. FALCONER WALLACE ON HER WAY TO THE PADDOCK

Planet News

CAPT ROLAND NORMAN AND MISS NORMAN ON THE COURSE

BRITAIN'S WIGHTMAN CUP TRIUMPH

Lady d'Abernon presenting the Wightman captain, on the Centre Court after Great shows, Mrs. Holcroft Watson (left), Miss Mrs Helen Wills-Moody, Mrs. Godfree Mudford and Mis

D. Stuart

Cup to Mrs. Mavrogordato, the non-playing Britain had beaten America. The photograph Helen Jacobs, seen behind her, Miss E. Cross, Miss Harvey, Miss Joan Fry Miss P Greef, standing behind

(Continued from page 653)

Pathetic

On Wednesday I met the saddest man in Berkshire. He was a Canadian, and so did not carry the umbrella which is considered by the Englishman to be an essential adjunct to his morning coat. He was soaked to the skin, and so was his wife, on whose frock he had spent £40. It was his first day's racing in eight years, and he lost £50 on the Hunt Cup.

Exaggerated

That rain on Wednesday had to be seen to be believed. At the same time, some of the reports which said that there were pools of water 18 inches deep in the paddock were ridiculously exaggerated. The rain certainly spoilt a lot of tall hats, muddied a lot of spats, and made one feel pretty miserable, but everyone in the Royal Enclosure was comfortably under cover. I must say, though, that it can have been no fun on the other side of the course for people who had no Club tents in which to shelter.

Lucky Sixteen

The Aga Khan, cheered by his win with Quarrat-al-Ain, looked cheerful enough in the downpour. I thought I saw Lord Westmorland looking pretty cheerful, too. Baroness Styrzea did not seem to mind our weather, either. On the whole, I should say that this year the betting was heavier than it has been for some time, and several of the prices were very pleasant. Incidentally, if one had consistently, if blindly, backed

D. Stuart

Miss Phyllis Mudford and Miss Sarah Palfrey shaking hands after the former had beaten her American opponent 6—0, 6—2 in the Single

Lady Castlerosse, who won a prize at the Motor Rally at the Hôtel de Paris, Bray, recently. Many lovely cars were shown and many lovely costumes were in evidence at this popular up-river resort

the numbers 16 and 17, one would have done quite nicely. The Macnab, for example, was one of the several successful seventeeners.

That Rally

Ascot has more or less dimmed my recollections both of that very successful motor rally at Bray, and the first night of the new Negro Orchestra at the Café Anglais—two very different entertainments—at the beginning of the week. A Rolls, a Bentley, an Invicta, and an Isotta-Fraschini all won prizes at Bray. At the same time, I think the judges might have spent a little more time in looking round the competitors. One or two did not receive any attention at all, chiefly, it would appear, because they were painted dark blue instead of light green or red or cream.

Costlier Next Year

Financially, the affair was a distinct success. More than £400 was made for the hospital for which it was organised. Next year the motor trade will, it is hoped, be inveigled into the Rally, and the entries will cost something like £1 or even £2 apiece. Lord Portarlington, Miss Tyler (an American debutante), the Ranee of Pudokota, and Lord Donegall were among the crowd who stayed on for the dinner dance which was held at the Hôtel de Paris.

A Strange Remark

I do not know whether you saw the talkie film of Sir Henry Segrave's final bid for the motor boat

WHERE WERE THE MANNEQUINS?

speed record at Windermere, but it has been showing all the week in the West End. It includes an interview with him in which, very curiously, while introducing his two assistants to the camera, he says, "They will have the misfortune—er, if it is a misfortune—to accompany me in my attempt!" Nobody will ever know whether he had any inkling of the disaster as he spoke.

Bassano

THE NEW EARL OF SEFTON

Who succeeded to the title on the sudden death of his father, the fifth Earl, last week. The new Earl, who will be thirty-two next December, is a Captain in the Royal Horse Guards and served in the Great War

The Duchess at a Film

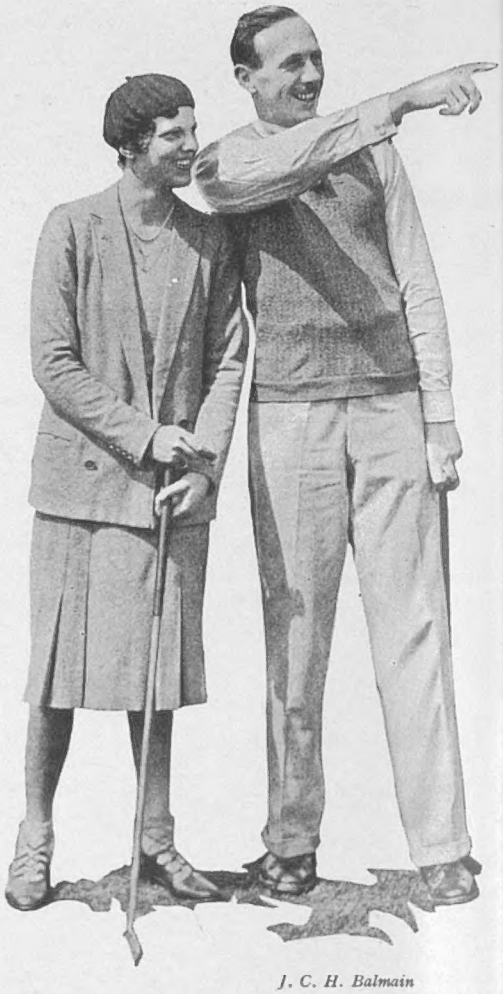
THE other night, by the way, I went to see Maurice Chevalier in *Paramount on Parade*, and found the Duke and Duchess of York sitting immediately in front of me. The Duchess cancelled all her public engagements some weeks ago, and was at pains to arrive just as the curtain was going up, and to leave just before it descended. Hardly a dozen people in the audience knew that she and her husband were there. Neither of them attended the racing at Ascot last week.

Few Mannequins

THERE were several notable absentees from Ascot this year. I do not know whether Lord Castlerosse was amused by Low's cartoon of him the other day showing him on the south side of the course. The Dowager Lady Airlie was to be seen every day. She never went in for the short-skirted fashions. Now her fondness for Edwardian dress is less conspicuous than before. Many of the frocks worn by the young people, however, might have been worn by mannequins at Auteuil or Longchamps, and yet some of the most outré were distinguished by their wearers' possession of an Enclosure Badge. I saw only one professional mannequin.

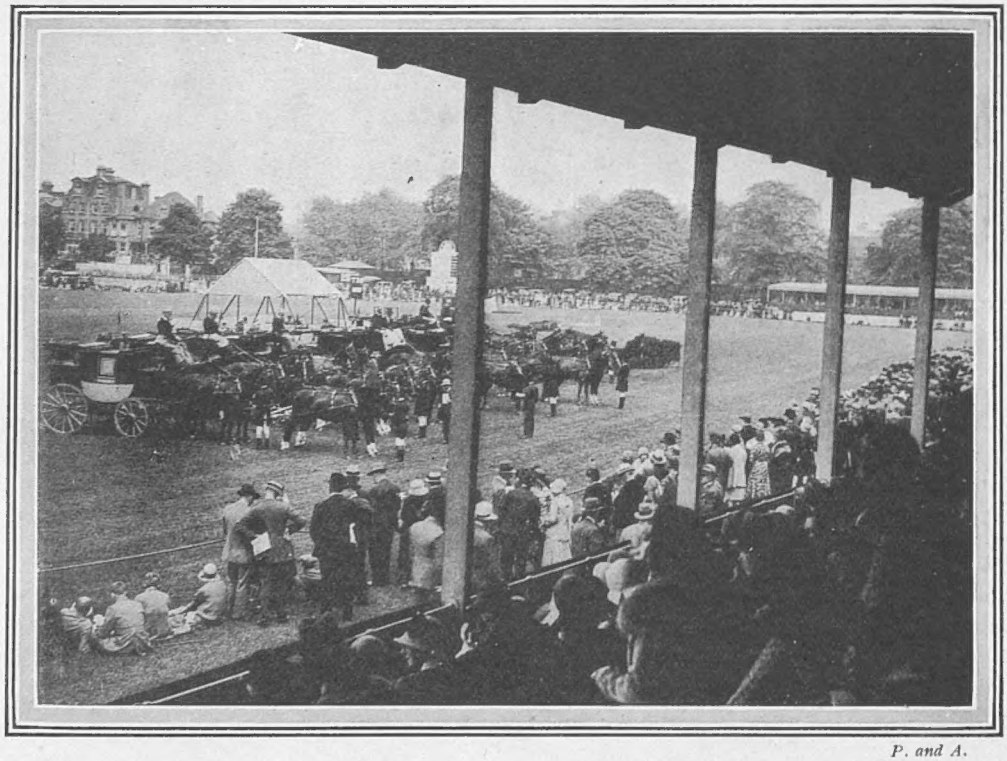
At Supper Time

THE hands of the clock point to many places these short nights of the London Season, and at midnight in Piccadilly they point northwards, suggesting that steps towards supper might be taken at Kettner's, where the bulky Rex Evans still sings light songs about light morals, which those not easily shocked will be able to enjoy—if not understand! But Rex Evans is not the sole attraction, for dancing can be indulged in to the strains of a good band. When I was there last the place was crowded, but whether this was due to the lure of the naughty singer or of good dancing, combined with cuisine and wines equally good, is difficult to say. Perhaps it is the happy mixture.



J. C. H. Balmain

Mr. J. G. Philipps, the son of Sir Lawrence and Lady Philipps and Miss Betty Kindersley, enjoying a little not too serious golf at Gleneagles. Their marriage took place yesterday, June 24



P. and A.

A picturesque note was lent to the Richmond Horse Show by the coaches-and-four which took part. The entrants are seen lined up before the judges in the arena. Beautiful weather favoured both crowd and competitors

Foreign Players at the Globe Theatre

THOSE who went to see the French adaptation of Bernard Shaw's *St. Joan* must have been struck by the vast difference, in appearance at least, between this character as played by Mme. Ludmilla Pitoeff, and our

ENGAGEMENTS AND TOUTING

own Sybil Thorndike. The former is a smiling, raven-haired young woman, a self-assured, feminine, graceful Joan, first dressed in a vivid scarlet peasant's frock. Although her performance was both arresting and beautiful, it struck me as being miles away from the character which Shaw portrayed; but then it may be added that Shaw's portrait was not in the least like that of the maid herself! An interesting performance, and gratitude must be expressed to Mr. C. B. Cochran and Mr. Maurice Browne for introducing to London the popular Parisian Pitoeffs, who give place this week to the Japanese players.

Gold Cup Day

GOLD CUP day was a magnificent affair at Ascot. Lady Alexander surpassed herself in sartorial distinction. The paddock was a billowing sea of white hats. Lady Evelyn Beauchamp wore a diamond effigy of a race-horse on her shoulder. Kathleen Lady Drogheda was accompanied by her unmistakable daughter, Lady Patricia Moore. Bosworth kept the French horses off, and gave Lord Derby his first Gold Cup. Mr. Bunny Leigh, of Lingfield, and his secretary, Mr. F. W. Wilmot, both won races. There was a pleasant breeze, and it was neither too hot nor too cold.

Broken Engagements

THE public announcement of broken engagements, such as that of

Central Press

Mid-field play during the final of the Junior Polo Championship at Roehampton. It resulted in a win for Whatcombe, who beat the Pilgrims by the odd goal of fifteen

Alfieri

Lady Irene Cubitt, the Countess of Brecknock and Lady Camden. They are seen at Roehampton on their way to watch the polo

Mr. E. H. Tattersall and Lady Victoria Chetwynd-Talbot, is a habit of quite recent times. In the old days, when Society was smaller and tradesmen less enterprising, it was quite unnecessary to call attention to a domestic débâcle of this kind. Nowadays, however, when a prospective bride and a prospective bridegroom are daily submerged by an avalanche of circulars urging them to take out life insurances, to change their laundries, to choose a caterer for the wedding, to buy a trousseau, and so on and so forth, the only thing to do is to announce publicly that the affair is off—if only to protect oneself from further sad reminders that things have gone wrong.

Bad Luck

THE suggestion made by various newspapers which publish statistics of these broken romances that they are on the increase is obviously ridiculous. There have always been just as many, if not more. It is unusual, of course, for the same girl to have to announce publicly on two occasions that her engagement has been broken off, as occurred recently, and one feels very sorry for her. At the same time, there will always be two very different kinds of engagement—the engagement, and the engagement to marry.

MR. BALDWIN TAKES EXERCISE

GLOOM AND DEPRESSION AT THE GUILDHALL L.N.A.

Trying to settle the unemployment problem by more public works which the taxpayer cannot afford! That is the bright idea of the Socialists, who look lugubrious at the thought. Among those seen above with the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs at the Conference are Mr. George Lansbury, Mr. Arthur Henderson, the Prime Minister, Mr. Arthur Greenwood, Lord St. Davids and Miss Margaret Bondfield

Swimming in London

IN the recent hot weather the International Sportsmen's Club at Grosvenor House has again come into its own. Its diminutive swimming pool has been patronised by as many as two hundred people in a single evening. At the present moment bathing until midnight is only possible if more than thirty people ask for it. That might be altered with advantage. If every member knew that it was definitely open until 12 p.m., many more than the requisite thirty would have a dip.

Mr. Baldwin, Swimmer

ONE of the keenest swimmers, though he only goes there in the morning, is Mr. Stanley Baldwin. After his swim he rides a furlong on the mechanical camel in the gymnasium, and then a mile on the mechanical horse. That must shake him up even more than Lord Beaverbrook and the Crusaders.

Lord Lloyd at a Garden Party

TO-MORROW, Lord and Lady Lloyd, who have kept very much in the background since their return from Egypt, will perform the opening ceremony at the British Empire Union Garden Party in the Rectory Gardens, Church Street, Chelsea. A "Society Psychic Demonstrator" will be there to reveal the mysteries of hand and crystal.

The Poster Ball

EARLY next week the Living Poster Ball will take place at the Park Lane Hotel, for which there will be a dress rehearsal next Monday at Lady Cunard's house. Lady Diana Cooper is the Chairman of the Ball Committee. She herself is to dress up as

Central Press

MR. BALDWIN KEEPS ON SMILING!

Despite the strenuous attacks on him which are being launched by the Empire Free Traders, Mr. Baldwin remains placid. He is here seen, looking as satisfied as ever, with Mr. C. Rhys at the wedding of Miss Mary Lane Fox and the Hon. Robert Clive Bridgeman

Charity. Mr. Oliver Messel is designing several of these frocks representing various posters. Lady Juliet Duff will show off modern jewellery to the best advantage in a dress designed by Madame Chanel. The Marquise de Casa Maury, who recently underwent an operation on her throat in Paris, Lady Carlisle, Lady Brownlow and Lady Ravensdale will appear in the Cartier episode.

Mr. W. J. Brown, M.P.

MR. W. J. BROWN, M.P., Socialist Member for Wolverhampton, takes us to task for having accused him of referring to the late Mr. D. B. Murphy as one who was "carrying on the dirty work of British Imperialism" in India. That Mr. Brown, who made this remark in the House of Commons, did not apply it specifically to Mr. Murphy, an official who was murdered by "Redshirts" in the course of doing his duty, and serving the Empire, we readily admit. Further, we regret that such an interpretation should have been put on the paragraph in question, especially since Mr. Brown is anxious for it to be known that he made no such attack on Mr. Murphy personally. But in fairness to THE BYSTANDER as well as to Mr. Brown, it should be pointed out that the case of Mr. Murphy was fully dealt with in the Parliamentary questions, and that in condemning "the dirty work of British Imperialism," Mr. Brown might legitimately have been supposed to be condemning all individuals who spend their lives, and even lay them down, in carrying it on, including, of course, the case of Mr. Murphy. As Mr. Brown assures us that he was not referring to the case of Mr. Murphy, when he talked of "the dirty work of British Imperialism," we are pleased to give publicity to his denial.

BY BERT THOMAS

WOULDN'T IT BE AWFUL—

If Epstein suddenly developed a chocolate-box complex?

AT THE PLAY

WOMEN TREATED IN

Gaston (Ronald Squire), at the behest of his boss, indulges in more than a flirtation with Manuela (Yvonne Arnaud)

"The Command to Love," at Daly's

GASTON, MARQUIS DU SAINT LAC, is a Military Attaché to the Embassy of Nullepart. His boss is the Ambassador from the Republic of Nullepart, whose wife, Marie, is a pretty woman and jealous as can be—but not of her husband. All her green-eyed looks are cast upon Gaston, with whom she is having an affair.

IN such subjection does she keep her lover that Gaston secures a reputation for mysogynism and gets called over the coals by his boss, who points out that a Military Attaché should, if he wishes to succeed in diplomacy, be something of a millinery attaché as well.

THE Ambassador crosses the t's and dots the i's of his advice by instancing the fact that the War Minister of Tierra de Buena Esperanza is opposing a treaty between that country and the Republic of Nullepart; that this War Minister is under the thumb of his attractive wife, and that if Gaston will only enlist this lady in Nullepart's cause the War Minister's objections to the treaty will be overcome. Therefore Gaston is ordered to make love to this attractive woman for the good of his country!

GASTON has no moral scruples. He would be delighted to make himself as pleasant as possible to so charming a woman were it not for the fact that he has been indiscreet enough to write letters to the Ambassador's wife, and she threatens to show these to her husband if he but so much as dare look at another woman.

ON the following afternoon at Gaston's rooms the owner finds himself in a fearful tangle, for he has visitors of importance. He receives one from the War Minister's wife, whose coming on disposition is pronounced. In fact, she is in Gaston's bedroom putting on pyjamas—for reasons best known to herself—when her husband calls. He is safely got rid of, only to find more difficulty when the jealous wife of the Ambassador arrives and suspects there is a lady in the locked bedroom. She asks who is there and demands the key. Gaston has a brainwave! He hands her the key and says, "Your husband is in there; see for yourself!" That scares this lady away and leaves Gaston free to —engage in patriotic work for the Republic, to which he is so devotedly attached.

A WINDING-UP satisfactory to all parties is, of course, effected, and during the course of this winding-up line after line of dialogue reminded me of the old limerick which dealt with the young girl of Boolong who would sing a naughty French song, but it wasn't the words which frightened the birds, but the horrible double entong!

Marie (Isobel Elsom), wife of the Ambassador from the Republic of Nullepart, with whom Gaston has had an affair, having a tête-à-tête—but not on that subject—with her husband (Fred Culley)

BUT then this play is written throughout on such lines, and how it passed the Censor I cannot understand. To the sophisticated there is really no harm in it, but, nevertheless, it seems to me that here is an excellent example of a most worthy official who sometimes strains at a gnat but swallows a camel at a gulp.

VARIOUS WAYS By Vernon Woodhouse

THE principal performers on thin ice are Ronald Squire as Gaston, Yvonne Arnaud as the wife of the Minister of War, and Isobel Elsom as jealousy personified, and they cut figures with dexterity and grace. I wish that Yvonne Arnaud had a longer part, for there is no more polished actress on the stage, and every gesture, every movement, and every tone of her English speech with a French accent is sheer delight. Isobel Elsom makes a vivid contrast as the other naughty wife, and cleverly expresses hidden fires of jealousy rather than allowing them to blaze out, while Ronald Squire is exceedingly funny as the young man on the horns of a dilemma. Mention

of horns reminds me that two good performances are given by Frederick Culley and H. R. Hignett as the husbands who wear the antlers.

"The Way to Treat a Woman," at the Duke of York's Theatre

I DO hope you will excuse me if I refrain from recounting the plot of *The Way to Treat a Woman*, by Walter Hackett, which has been staged at the Duke of York's Theatre, for not only did it strike me as rather unconvincing, but also very, very complicated. I have no inside knowledge of the workings of this clever dramatist's mind, whose work I admire, but it struck me that when he started to evolve this story he had not made up his mind how to finish it. Indeed, the title itself, which I thought was to be the main motif of the play, seemed to disappear before the end.

WITHOUT losing myself in a maze—which has Hampton Court easily beaten—I may state that a long and somewhat heavy prologue is a discussion between an English, a French, a German and an American detective as to the best manner of getting at the truth from a woman. The Englishman suggests appealing to her sporting instinct; the Frenchman believes in making love; the German considers barking at her best; while the American is convinced that giving her a present will secure a bucketful from the well of truth.

THANKS to the disappearance of a Cabinet Minister—a disappearance which is connected with a woman in blue—the detectives have a chance of substantiating their theories when three of them meet the suspect at a supper club. The fourth only has his chance when he finds her at the house of the missing Cabinet Minister—who is afterwards discovered in a hospital with a bullet inside him—and until just the end the way to treat a woman is shelved by the author, who spends much time in making the English detective reconstruct the crime with the aid of the lady in blue.

BUT even the finish struck me with the force of a bullet as unsatisfactory. Indeed, it appeared as if the author was only anxious——like a good husband—to provide his wife with a part which suited her, and it may be said that the character Marion Lorne plays fits her perfectly. And despite the clever work put in by C. Aubrey Smith (English detective) and George Tully (American), not to mention good portraiture by Anthony Holles (German) and Boris Ranevsky (French), I really don't know what this crime play would be like if Marion Lorne did not play the principal part of a worried private secretary.

SEE her trying to get into a night club of which she is not a member; watch her ordering a cocktail with which she has no money to pay; take note of her adventurous ride in a taxi; observe her helping to reconstruct a crime, and you will see a part which in its personification of surprised muddle-headedness, which always scores in the end, as perfectly played as any can be.

YES, for this performance I can even forgive the author for giving Cathleen Nesbitt one of the feeblest parts she has ever played, and for writing a crook drama which is not on a par with his best work. V. W.

SKETCHES OF "THE COMMAND TO LOVE," AT DALY'S THEATRE, BY H. H. HARRIS

The Lord Chamberlain (Julian Royce) gave distinction to the part in a pair of corkscrew trousers

THRILLING LAST MOMENTS

Central Press

England's great start in the second innings. Hobbs runs out of his ground and drives Grimmett for a four

Fox Photographs

Hobbs, the unconquerable, who played two magnificent innings for England with the straightest of straight bats

"THE ASHES" WILL BE OURS

By

WILLIAM POLLOCK

THERE are a lot of people who think they know something about cricket going about saying that the Australians will not win one of the Test matches. I am one of them, but with this difference—I do not think that England will lose one of the matches. The chances seem to be that, say, two of the remaining four games will be drawn. The Nottingham match might have been a draw if Herbert Sutcliffe had not been knocked out and been able to go on with his innings.

ON the other hand, we might have won by more than ninety-three runs if the Yorkshireman had not retired hurt, and if Harold Larwood had been well enough to bowl in the Austalians' last innings. Apart from Percy Chapman winning the toss, the fortune of the game was not ours at Nottingham. Yet we were too good for them.

SOMEHOW neither W. M. Woodfull, as a captain, nor his side, as a combination, is quite "getting" a good many of us who watch and follow cricket closely. Woodfull, although a fine—but not at all "unbowlable"—batsman, has not yet shown that personality which you want in a Test captain. As for his team—how many of the eleven who played at Nottingham would, if they were Englishmen, stand a chance of being picked for the next Test match ?

WOODFULL himself would get in, so would the brilliant young Don Bradman, and so would Clarence Grimmett—what a pair Grimmett and Tate would be, to be sure! Alan Kippax and W. A. Oldfield would be in the running for places, but, to be quite frank, the remaining six would have very small chances.

Sport and General

The turn of the tide. D. G. Bradman, who looked as if he would never get out bowled by R. W. V. Robins, after making 131 runs for Australia. Bradman's first innings failure was thus amply atoned for

IN THE FIRST TEST MATCH

I WAS talking the other day to a man who may still get into one of the English elevens this summer, and I said: "How many really good bats have the Australians got?" "Well, five," he said. "Four," I suggested, and ticked them off on my fingers "You are quite right," he agreed. "Some of them aren't properly ripe yet—but wait a year or two." Exactly . . . but we are dealing with this tour.

SOME of them may never go very far in international cricket, just as some of our most successful county players never quite come in big games. The ability is apparently there, but the temperament is not. It would be easy to name a dozen—a score—of fine players who would never do for Test cricket. On the other hand, whatever sort of form they may be in at the time certain people have a knack of pulling out their best for all-England. Jack Hobbs, Sutcliffe, Maurice Tate, Percy Chapman, Duckworth, and now—possibly—this young R. W. V. Robins, for example.

Sport and General

The end of the grand match. The English field closing in on P. M. Hornibrook, caught by Duckworth off R. W. V. Robins, leaving England victorious by 93 runs

Central Press

Alan Kippax, the young Australian batsman who, undefeated in the first innings with 64 to his credit, scored 23 in the second before being caught by Hammond off R. W. V Robins

THERE are not likely to be many changes in the English side for the Lords match. If Sutcliffe's wound is not healed it may be rather serious for us. He and Hobbs are a marvellous opening pair. The alternatives to Sutcliffe seem to be either his county partner, Percy Holmes, or else Douglas Jardine. I doubt if Frank Woolley will keep his place; "Duleep" will probably get it. Patsy Hendren should be in, especially at Lords, but Dick Tyldesley may be out, in favour of Jack White, Freeman, or Greary.

CRICKET is a funny business—but I will bet a level fiver that the "Ashes" are ours at the end of the season."

Photographs

"How's That!" A. P. F. Chapman England's captain, anxiously looking for the umpire's uplifted finger to denote the successful appeal against P. M. Hornibrook for caught at the wicket by Duckworth

Central Press

Australia's great young batsman, D. G. Bradman, whose first visit to England it is, won the race for scoring the first thousand runs this season and in his second innings of the Test Match, confirmed the opinion that he is a batsman of the very highest class

Good Form at Wimbledon

By "Lepus Cuniculus"

"Select one with great care"

As far as the competitor is concerned, Wimbledon is a simple affair. You merely go on to court carrying a bunch of rackets, select one with great care, and then proceed to win or lose your match. In fact, the only point you need bear in mind is that although you are allowed to win as many rounds as you can in each event, you are only allowed to lose once, so it is as well to postpone this for as long as possible.

The spectator, however, has no easy task to prove a real Wimbledon success. There are so many pitfalls awaiting the unwary that it is only the most expert who reaches Finals Day with flying colours. However, a few hints may help the spectators to put up a show worthy of the best championships traditions. You arrive at the ground, then, with two Centre Court tickets and one rich, elderly uncle whom you have dragged from his country fastness for the express purpose of impressing. As soon as you enter the gate he will probably want to make a dive for the centre court—provided he has not spotted the refreshment tent on the right—but you must be firm.

"Oh, there's no great hurry," you assure him. "Besides, I promised to look up old 'F. R. B.'"

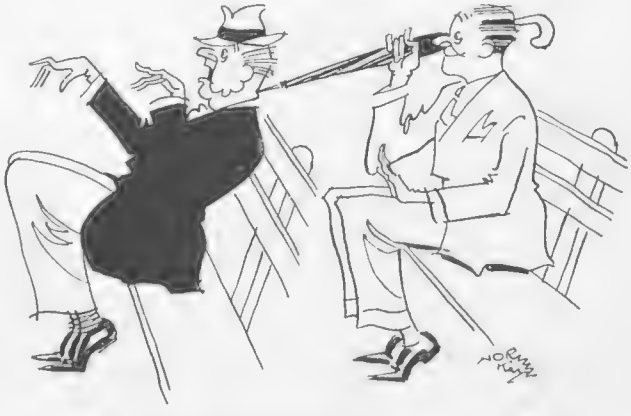
Unless your luck is dead out he is sure to ask who F. R. B. is. Then (having previously bought a programme to make sure you have got his initials right) you condescendingly explain that you mean Mr. F. R. Burrow, the referee, and haul your impressed relative to the rabbit hutch affair in which he lurks. Don't, whatever you do, though, commit the faux pas my cousin George made last year. Catching sight of a cloud of cigar smoke approaching him, he rightly deduced that the referee was lurking behind it, and, buttonholing him, cried in stentorian tones: "I say, Burrow, old man, if you want a hand with the handicapping I can spare you half an hour!"

No, if you are able to dodge the guard that hedges the great man about, just remark casually that you are very sorry you can't do any umpiring this year (the fact that you never *have* done any and are not likely to be asked to do so need not be explained to your guest), but if there is anything else you can do you will be charmed. The referee, being a most courteous gentleman, will be sure to tell you right away what you can do, but you need not take him too seriously—he loves a little light-hearted banter!

When you have pushed and wormed your way to your seats and settled down ready for the next match, don't fail to ask your aged relative what he thinks of the Centre Court. He is bound to say he thinks it wonderful, and this gives you your opening to play your Old Habitué game. In clear, penetrating tones you remark that it is all right in its way, of course, but very, *very* different from the old Wimbledon.

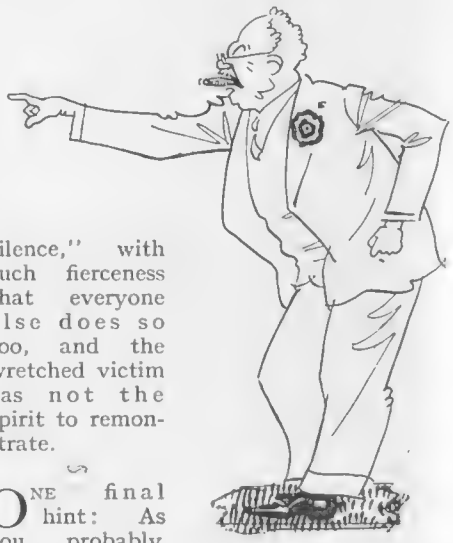
"It's lost its old friendly atmosphere, don't you know. Worple Road was a family party, but *this*—why, believe me, thousands of people come here who don't know the rudiments of the game!"

This should establish you as one of the "knowing ones" with everyone within a ten-yards radius, but if they still look a bit sceptical rally round with a few carefully guarded remarks about past players. The Dohertys are fairly safe names to produce, but be chary of reminiscing about the Renshaws. Unless you are well passed the first flush of youth some greybeard is more than likely to round on you with the information that the Renshaws finished playing years before you were born; and even if you reply with dignity that the Renshaws *you* were referring to happened to be the sons of distant cousins twice removed, who won the handicap doubles at Pothunt-on-Sea, your stock will drop.



"Jab the man in front of you in the middle of his neck"

As soon as a match starts you must be on the qui vive. At the end of every rally remark in clear tones: "Good tactics, sir," or "Pretty court-craft, sir." This is much better than the usual "Good shot" most people employ, and safeguards you against the risk of the rally ending with a shot off the wood or a miss-hit. If anyone near you tries to applaud in the middle of a rally, make sure you are the first to hiss "hus-sh." This shows you understand the finer aspects of the game. If the crowd round about you keep quiet during the rallies there is no reason why you should sacrifice this little gesture. Choose your time carefully, and just as one of the players is shaping for an overhead smash, jab the man in front of you in the middle of his neck with your umbrella. If you jab hard enough he is sure to let out a startled yell, whereupon you cry, "Silence, please, silence," with such fierceness that everyone else does so too, and the wretched victim has not the spirit to remonstrate.



"Will be sure to tell you right away what you can do"

One final hint: As you probably know, the Competitors' Stand is on the South side, not far from the Royal Box, and if you are seated near it is always nice to wave negligently to one or two of the players, but—as you know none of them personally—the chances are they will not return it. But you can score a real success if you remember that the Press Box adjoins the Competitors' Stand, and from a short distance the two are indistinguishable. Therefore, send a note up addressed to the Lawn Tennis Critic, *The Daily Howl*. Just write, "So glad to catch sight of you again. Not seen you for years. Insist that you come and split a bottle of the "Boy" after this match. I'm in Stand so-and-so, and if it's O.K. just give me a wave in reply to mine."

When the note has been delivered, just wave, and if you don't get a wave back I'll eat my hat!

That tip alone should make your Wimbledon a *real* success this year and enable you to take your rightful place in the ranks of the "Knowing Ones."

BY JORGEN MYLLER

HER STICK IN THE MUD

If Gossip We

JOANNA SANDS

The versatile young Viennese dancer from the Bodenwieser School, who is at present in London, in her Snake Dance costume. She recently gave a very successful recital at the Rudolf Steiner Hall

Now that the tumult and the shouting over the Segrave tragedy have died down, let us, for one short moment, regard it sanely and unsentimentally. That Sir Henry himself and his fellow-victim, Mr. Halliwell (whom there has been a tendency to ignore), were brave men who met their death heroically nobody would be fool enough or cad enough to deny. But that they died in the cause of progress and that England is any the better for such sacrifices I do deny most strenuously. It is argued that (i) it is in itself a marvellous thing to go on land, air, or water faster than anyone else has ever gone, and (ii) that England would be badly left in the lurch if another nation broke any speed record and were to be allowed to retain it.

If this is so, may one be allowed to ask what precisely is achieved by a human being who can get from a spot marked X to a spot marked Y at an incredibly rapid rate and at the risk of killing himself and anyone who happens to be with him? Also, in what way England would be worse off if this feat were to be performed by a Chinaman or an Esquimau rather than by one of her own people?

This is not pioneer work in the sense that methods of transport are being explored that will ever be feasible or even desirable for the community at large, however much they may tempt the lunatic at large. It has no commercial value apart from the fact that attention is focused (though only in the engineering world) on the engine, petrol, lubricating oil, and so forth, used on these desperate trips. "This is the spirit" (presumably the bravery and not the petrol is meant) "which makes the whole country glow with satisfaction," I read, "for it is the genius of progress." Yes. And neither you nor I nor Tom nor Dick nor Harry is one whit the healthier, the happier, or the richer for it. And year by year the deaths from cancer increase.

By Wilson Fenning

Husband (*after an appeal for funds*): "Confound it all, it's perfectly ridiculous the way you women listen to these preposterous dictates of fashion experts. You just pay your money and take *their* choice"

Peter North

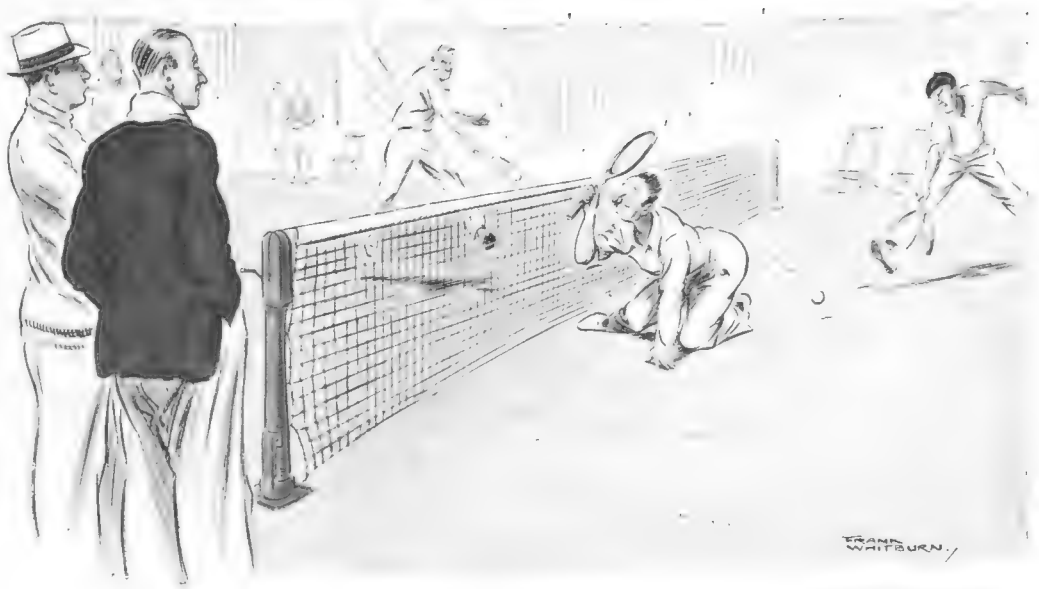
DIANA WYNYARD

Whose rise to theatrical "stardom" has been remarkably rapid. She is now playing lead in "Petticoat Influence," at the St. Martin's Theatre

Poor, gallant Segrave has gone. But soon someone will, instead of doing 231 miles an hour, as he did, do 331 miles an hour, and is more than likely to get killed into the bargain.

Must.

Splendid Amy Johnson, aged twenty-six, has just flown to Australia all alone. But, before long, Peggy Something-or-other, aged sixteen, will fly to Australia all alone *upside down*, and Amy will be forgotten. And so the world "progresses." Oh, I've quite forgotten the man who went over the falls of Niagara in a barrel.



By Frank Whitburn

"You could hardly call that new member a volleyer, could you?"
"Great Scot, no. He's more like a creeping barrage!"

HOWEVER, to turn, for a change, to the more frivolous side of it. Evelyn Laye has gone to America, and, a few nights before she went, I was pondering, at a little party given in her honour, on whether even Hollywood, which is her destination, could have assembled so many pretty women in one room as were gathered in a flat near Baker Street to bid her farewell.

Mr. and Mrs. Gwynne Davies—the former, the operatic tenor, is her singing-master—were the hosts, and a better-looking quartet of guests than Evelyn herself, Dorothy Dickson, Heather Thatcher, and Ursula Jeans I have rarely, if ever seen. One could find Leslie Henson in good form, C. B. Cochran, "a most potent, grave, and reverend seigneur," and Noel Coward, who sang songs about his Far East trip. I am still humming that about the colonial governor's wife who was "not dolce, but extremely far niente."

G.P.A.

The life of screen players in America is not all beer and skittles—to say nothing of caviare and champagne—as the above photograph of out-of-work "supers" outside the casting office of a big film company illustrates

I FOUND at the first night of *Badger's Green* Captain "Babe" Barnato, who *does* know something about cricket, and Anita Loos, who does not. But the fair, or rather dark, Anita looked very piquante in a box with her husband, and laughed mightily, although *Badger's Green* is not as sophisticated as *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*. Perhaps she was happy just because she *was* in a box, for anything more uncomfortable than the stalls at the Prince of Wales Theatre I have never known. They are tiny, designed, apparently, to give exquisite agony, and they are placed too close together. Otherwise

they are fine. Perhaps people endured them through that long run of *Journey's End* with the thought, "Well, it is only right that I should be uncomfortable for a bit, seeing what our splendid fellows went through in the trenches." Such thoughts need not trouble them in the case of the latest Sherriff effort.

TALKING of Anitas, or Anitae, if you like, Anita Elson, now Mrs. Nick Prinsep, is back from her world-tour, which made so pleasant a form of honeymoon, and is settled down at Pevensey for the summer. Nick, who is the youngest of the three brothers, brought back from the East a strange and very lovely pair of antique pearl earrings for his sister-in-law, Margaret Bannerman.

L.N.A.

Some of the pretty girls who helped at the side-shows during the Rogues and Vagabonds Fete held recently in the Royal Botanical Gardens in aid of Theatrical charities and of the British Legion. Included in the group are Miss M. Craig, Miss Marjorie Mars and Miss Beryl Trefiry

MARIE HOLDER

One of the cleverest of our Shakespearian actresses. She is seen as Hero, the part in "Much Ado about Nothing" which she will play at the Stratford-on-Avon Shakespeare Festival, which opens on July 7

They are large, but not so large as the type affected by Lady Ravensdale, who wears earrings of such a length that they must sadly interfere with her elbows.

IF Mr. George Lansbury has not succeeded in making the Serpentine look like the Lido he has done his best, and it was a pity that when the great day for sun-bathing arrived the sun absolutely declined to be bathed in and rain fell from grey skies instead. Feminine figures are largely a question of income—in the objective as well as the subjective sense. You can hardly expect to have a Lido figure on a Serpentine income, because the massage and the electric treatment, and the maulings and punchings, and electricity and skin-foods which constitute the Arden and ardent search after beauty are pretty costly. There are some notable exceptions, of course, but the Lidonians can, at any rate, make the best of a bad job.

HOW ridiculous, by the way, is the clamour that is being raised in some seaside places by the unco' guid and unco' prurient (same thing) against the maillot for girl bathers! There is nothing whatever wrong with a skin-tight bathing dress, though there is a good deal wrong with the mind that thinks there is. There have been years of fighting for it, and the fair sex are not going to let it go now. Besides, what the illustrated papers—ourselves included—would do without such costumes (and the girls inside 'em) as each summer comes round I cannot imagine. Now, the suggestion is that skirts should be worn when bathing. And a very suggestive suggestion, too. If either of the sexes is to wear a skirt while bathing it should not be that erroneously known as the weaker.

AT THE TALKIES

"Can't yer stop that coughin', Roland? Where d'you fink you are—in church?"

(This drawing has been carried out in outline in one unbroken line. It may prove interesting for readers to trace its course from start to finish)

By Lindsay Cable

Dorothy Wilding

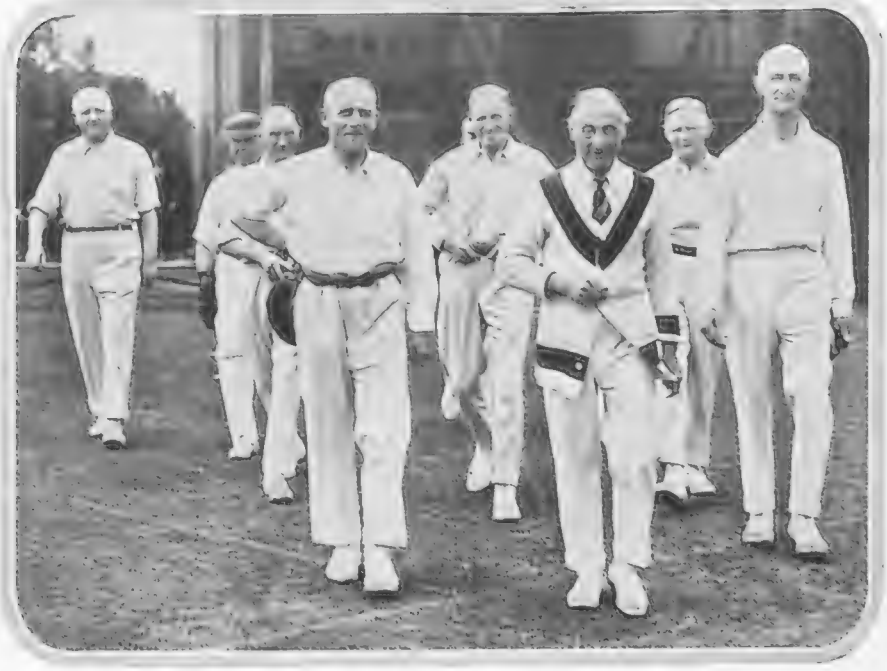
Ruth Draper, the famous American diseuse, whose "one-woman" show is a remarkable histrionic performance. Her season at the Vaudeville has proved very successful

THE Opera Season is waning, and it is not too soon to give a recapitulatory glance at it. As usual, it started, socially as well as musically, rather better than it ended, and for the glories of Wagner Covent Garden was packed every night. The German operas appealed not only to most, but to all tastes, and to include, as lighter fare, *Die Fledermaus,* which the King and Queen attended, was a wise thought.

The Italian part of the Season saw some vacant seats, though not many. It was a bit sudden, after Wagner, to start it off with the inanities of *Norma,* which, I am inclined to think, did harm to the box-office. I am certain that *Marta* did. The directors at Covent Garden have a difficult task, for famous singers are temperamental, and almost every member of the audience has a strong and individual idea of what work he or she wishes to hear. On the whole they show great tact and efficiency.

BUT singers, however eminent, must not be allowed to choose operas for themselves because they fancy themselves in a particular rôle in them. Singers should be selected to suit operas, not operas to suit singers. I would sooner hear a good work with a mediocre cast than a bad one with a "star" in it. And so, I warrant, would the public. Not that these "stars" are not fine performers. As a matter of fact, they are excellent.

Impressions of Raymond Massey and Isobel Jeans in "The Man in Possession," at the Ambassadors Theatre, one of the big successes of the theatrical season. The man in question assumes possession not only of the goods and chattels of the mistress of the house, but also of the lady herself



Sport and General

ADMIRALS ALL

Admiral of the Fleet Earl Jellicoe, who captained the team of admirals which opposed the Cadets, leading his men out to field. The match took place in the grounds of the Nautical College at Pangbourne, the Admirals winning by 113 runs

THE BARD AND THE "BOARDS"

No. 7.—THE "CRABBER"

TELL them now in mournful numbers
That the show's a ghastly flop
Saying, "In a week the actors
'All will be without a 'shop.'"
Whisper tales of strife and trouble
Taking place behind the scene;
How the backers, losing courage,
Have withdrawn each blessed bean

Though the critics praised it highly,
Darkly hint the Press was squared,
Murmur, "I could tell some stories
Of sharp practice, if I cared.
Yes, the book is really hopeless
And the lyrics are not new.
So the Notice will be going
Up within a week or two"

Since you work for bitter rivals
Of the crowd which backed this play
Slate it, spurn it, damn it, crab it,
Do your worst in ev'ry way,
Till, with glowing satisfaction,
You can sip of Triumph's cup
When your labours bear fruition
And the Notice goeth up

B.W

FILM NOTES

AND SHALL THE TALKIES DIE?

By Lionel Collier

IN a section of the daily Press there is much ado about the so-called collapse of the talkies. Apart from the fact that neither renters nor exhibitors—who may well be supposed to know what is happening in their business—agree with these dogmatic assertions, pictures like "All Quiet on the Western Front" and "The King of Jazz" give them the lie direct. After all, the talkies were introduced before they were really perfected, because the American producers found that the rapidly increasing costs of silent production were showing a dangerous tendency to equal the profits accruing. In other words, the talkies are only now emerging from the experimental stage in which novelty value sustained them, quite apart from their value as entertainment.

WHAT may be termed the first screen revue of any considerable note, "The King of Jazz," shows what can be accomplished if sound and camera technique are intelligently blended. It can well be compared with a Cochran stage revue, and since it was directed by John Murray Anderson, who was associated with Mr. Cochran in some of his productions, this is not surprising. Mr. Anderson, however, while taking some of his stage experience with him, has taken full advantage of the scope for spectacular settings afforded by trick camera work and depth of setting. He has counteracted the lack of stage width by the former and given an impression of unequalled space by the latter. It is indeed a wonderful production, quite apart from the ingenuity of some of the sketches and the marvellous scenes which are presented in almost bewildering rapidity.

Another interesting point is the use made of colour to give kaleidoscopic effects. It is not so much natural colouring as an effective use of colour for its own sake.

THERE are twenty-one numbers in the revue, and I do not think there is one that is not entertaining. It opens with a coloured cartoon of Paul Whiteman earning his right to the title of "The King of Jazz" by charming a lion into dancing in "Darkest" Africa. His personality pervades the show, but it is not over-emphasised. The picture ends with a magnificent spectacular effect called "The Melting Pot," which introduces the characteristic music of many nations each following the other into a huge melting pot, only to emerge welded into "Jazz." To me this was as good a satire as I have seen, and all

Hunted! An exciting scene when Sir Gerald du Maurier, as the escaped convict, is in hiding quite near to where the policeman is searching on the bridge. "Escape" is a British film taken from John Galsworthy's play, many of the scenes of which were shot on Dartmoor

The game is up! The convict (Sir Gerald du Maurier) thanks the Padre (Austin Trevor) who helped him to try to escape—while the policemen look gratified that he is once more in their hands. A scene in "Escape," the stage version of which was played at the Ambassadors Theatre

VILL HE BE RECOGNISED?

The escap onvict (Sir Gerald du Maurier) pretends to fish and talks the judge (Mr. Horace Hodges). Another cene in "Escape," an All-British production under the direction of Basil Dean

Madeleine Carroll tells the farmer (Neil Porter) that she has not seen the escaped convict, whom she has really hidden in her room. One of the many exciting scenes in this new British film "Escape"

Norah Baring as Diana Baring in the English version of "Enter Sir John," the British International Pictures' talkie production, at present being directed by Mr. Hitchcock at Elstree

t e better probably because it was not i tended as such.

IT is difficult to pick and choose in such a galaxy of ingenuity which i cludes some really l lliant trick work, such disclosing Paul White- n and his Band inside grand piano of colossal dimensions. But the palm must be given, art from the finale, to t imaginative rendering Gershwin's "Rhap- dy in Blue." Then is is preceded by an amazing dance by a grotesque figure on an enormous tom-tom, in which shadow work plays a big part. Again there is real beauty in "The Bridal Veil," and real humour in "When Legs Were Limbs," a skit of the days of the "song with slides" era. Boles, too, sings very effectively in a scena entitled "The Song of the Dawn." There is some brilliant acrobatic dancing provided by George Chiles and Jeannie Lang in a number entitled "My Ragamuffin Romeo." As I have said before, all the little sketches are amusing and have been planned on the well-founded belief that brevity is the soul of wit. This picture comes to the Regal after the run of "All Quiet on the Western Front," and when you have seen these two I think you will agree that the talkies, far from collapsing, are only just beginning to make themselves felt.

AT the Carlton "The Vagabond Lover" has been replaced by a song-and-dance show, "Paramount on Parade," which, as its title indicates, is a conglomeration of Paramount stars put into various turns with no pretence at a plot. As is usual in this type of picture, the material is very thin, nor has it the advantage of really clever camera work, which is a feature of "The King of Jazz." The two are really not comparable, but after having seen the latter a standard is set in the matter of production which one hopes to see maintained in future productions.

The films illustrated on these pages are both ALL-BRITISH productions recently made in this country

THE main item of interest in "Paramount on Parade" is the inclusion of Maurice Chevalier. He has three numbers, and even though two of the songs are not remarkable, his amazing personality gets them over and forms the brightest spot in the entertainment. The first, the "Origin of the Apache Dance," shows that it originated not in Montmartre, but in a bedroom. Chevalier and Evelyn Brent put the skit over exceptionally well.

BY the way, another good spot in an indifferent show is little Ritzi Green's imitation of a Chevalier number, "All I Want is Just One Girl," as sung by Mack of Moran and Mack and Chevalier himself. This little girl of eight has all the aplomb of a seasoned artist. For the rest a song sung by Dennis King is effective, while George Bancroft appears in quite a clever sketch. He is depicted as going to a party, but where everyone behaves with decorum. He is then shown going to the same party where everybody behaves according to their impulse. It is a bright idea brightly carried out.

Paul Tanqueray

EDNA BEST

Who is playing lead in "The Swan," which opened at the St. James's Theatre on Monday. This play, which is by the Hungarian dramatist Molnar, was first produced in this country five years ago at the Everyman Theatre

"THE BYSTANDER" SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT

THE LAWN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS

Mrs. F. S. Wills-Moody, of America, better known as Miss Helen Wills The Woman Champion, and a worthy one. Combining virile attack with perfect defence, she possesses a temperament which nothing can ruffle

Henri Cochet, holder of the Men's Championship, and one of the finest players ever seen on a lawn tennis court. On occasions his play is so unorthodox that it may be ascribed to the eccentricity of genius

John Van Ryn, of America, who, in addition to holding with Wilmer L. Allison the Men's Doubles Championship ranks No. 8 in singles play in the World's First Ten

Wilmer L. Allison, of America, who, with John Van Ryn, holds the Men's Doubles Championship. A young player of outstanding ability who specialises in doubles and is fully armed at all points of the game, including court craft

Miss Joan Fry, the only Englishwoman who has reached the final round of the Women's Singles Championship in the last five years, when she was beaten by Mlle. Lenglen

AN ABC of WOMEN

MRS. HELEN WILLS MOODY, the present champion, seems, on her form of to-day, to be head and shoulders above the rest of the women competitors of this season, and I do not at the moment see anyone who is likely seriously to challenge her right to the championship this year. The great secret of her outstanding success is, I think, that the average pace of all her strokes is a great deal faster than that of any other woman player. She is also extremely strong, and, like the late Anthony Wilding, could very probably give fifteen to any of her other opponents in the matter of "fitness" and general training. I notice that this year she is volleying much more decisively in doubles, and is altogether much more aggressive and more mobile on the court.

Mrs. Moody's actual game is an extremely simple one, and she wins her matches by sheer merit of stroke and good "placing." She puts over a stream of powerful forehand drives, which effectively keeps her opponent so much on the defensive that she is never able to engineer an attacking policy on her own account. Mrs. Moody's backhand is quite as powerful as her forehand, and this year I notice that she is able to *attack* with it very much more than formerly, placing it either down the line or across the court with the greatest possible precision and ease.

Her service, too, is very sound, and she is able to score a good average of "firsts," with which she can put her opponents on the defensive from the start of the rally. Her taste in dress, like her game, is very straightforward and simple, and she wears always the plainest and most practical of tennis frocks.

SEÑORITA DE ALVAREZ is perhaps the most brilliant of all the women competitors at Wimbledon. She has the most perfect "eye" of anyone playing the game of lawn tennis at the present time, and in consequence, when she is having a good day, she is able to make shots which, to the spectator, appear quite miraculous.

She takes a great many of her balls on the half volley, and, owing to this, is able to gain just that few seconds or so of time which are so valuable in outplacing an opponent. Her backhand is one of the most brilliant of all her shots, and she has also one of the best overhand services of any of the women of this year.

Señorita de Alvarez is none too strong, and she is therefore not able to show to her best advantage in a long three-set match. She is, however, much fitter this year than she was last, and although I am sorry to hear that she was suffering from insomnia in Paris, she is now "training" hard for Wimbledon, where, it will be remembered, she has been three times a finalist in the women's singles.

MISS ELIZABETH RYAN is quite one of the best-known women players at Wimbledon, and she is perhaps the best women doubles player in the world to-day. Certainly for fearless volleying and hard hitting attack there is no one her equal, and many a close match has she won by one of her deadly "drop" shots, or a "chopped" drive of more than usual severity. She would seem this year to have a very good chance of winning both the double events at Wimbledon, for she is partnered by Mrs. Helen Wills Moody in the doubles, and by Jack Crawford, that very fine volleyer, in the mixed. She has a wonderful idea of "courtcraft,"

(1) *Mrs. Helen Wills Moody—head and shoulders above the rest of the women competitors*

(2) *Mrs. Fearnley Whittingstall, a most attractive player to watch*

(3) *Miss Helen Jacobs, one of the most wholehearted and painstaking of lawn tennis players*

(4) *Mrs. Godfree, a really sound and aggressive type of player*

(5) *Madame Mathieu, an extremely hard person to beat*

and never makes a shot which is not thought out beforehand. Her volleying is unique, and in a double I have seen her stand up to the hardest hitting without any sign of flinching or attempting to draw back from the net.

MISS HELEN JACOBS certainly deserves second place to Mrs. Moody in the placing of the American ladies, for she is one of the most wholehearted and enthusiastic of tennis players, taking endless trouble with her game, and working hard at practice games as well as tournaments. That she was finalist at Wimbledon last year is sufficient proof of her great powers of determination, and, coupled with the fact that she beat Senorita de Alvarez in the semi-final this year in Paris with the loss of only one game to reach the final, shows that she is one of the women players to be reckoned with this June.

She is a very "heady" player, and is not content to win her matches by mere

LAYERS By Phyllis Satterthwaite

(6) *Miss Betty Nuthall, who has the right cheery spirit*

(7) *Miss Elizabeth Ryan, the best woman doubles player in the world*

(8) *Fraulein "Cilly" Aussem one of the best "movers" on the lawn tennis court*

(9) *Senorita de Alvarez, whose perfect "eye" allows her to make shots which appear quite miraculous to the spectator*

steadiness, preferring to get difference of pace and "spin" on her balls, and generally working for her openings, when she can outplace her opponent very skilfully.

MRS. GODFREE is one of the most attractive of our English players, and it is delightful news to hear that she has entered in the singles again at Wimbledon. She has a wonderful idea of singles play, and when she is in form I know nothing more delightful than to see her put over a succession of forceful forehand drives and finish off the rally with a well-timed excursion to the net. She also has a good command of the "drop" shot, has a very fine backhand, and is, in short, a really sound and aggressive type of player, who never knows when she is beaten, and will go on fighting until the very last point has been played.

MISS JOAN FRY is, to my mind, quite one of the best women players that we have at the present moment, and I know of no one for whom I would more confidently predict a big future. The secret of her success lies in one word, "perseverance," for she has made her game what it is to-day by sheer hard "spadework" and determination. One of her greatest assets is the power of being able to run for miles, and she is the greatest "retriever" of impossible balls that I have ever seen.

Her backhand, which is a rather ungainly shot to look at, is yet another tribute to her determination of purpose, for she has worked at it so well that, although it may not look, as I say, very stylish, it is *extremely* sound and useful, and there is no hope of penetrating it except by some extra fine shot.

MADAME MATHIEU, the present French champion, is a young woman of great character. That she won the French Junior Championship after she was married, and is the proud mother of a pair of fine twin babies before the age of twenty-two, are just one of two proofs of her versatility. She is an extremely fine lawn tennis player, and although possibly at a first glance you would not notice any especial brilliance of stroke, you would find, if you played against her, that she was an extremely hard person to beat, as she has practically no weak point in her game whatsoever.

FRAULEIN "CILLY" AUSSEM, the present German girl champion, is, I think, quite one of the most charming personalities amongst the women players of to-day. "Cilly" has a host of good friends, both here and across the Channel. She is a very efficient young person, besides being a very fine tennis player, and thinks nothing of stepping into her small black-and-white car and motoring off across France to Biarritz, by herself, to play in a tournament there if the spirit so moves her. She is also an extremely good dancer, and this is perhaps accounted for by the fact that she is one of the best "movers" on a lawn tennis court that I have ever seen, her footwork and balance being quite perfect. Her game is a very sound one, and when she is at the net she can "put away" anything that comes within her reach very effectively indeed.

MRS FEARNLEY WHITTINGSTALL is one of the most attractive players to watch that I know of. To begin with, she always looks so well turned out, for she has a great flair for choosing the most charming and at the same time the most practical tennis frocks, and also she has a great variety of strokes, and is most certainly a believer in the policy of "attack, attack, and again attack." In consequence, she "goes out" for her shot to a most refreshing degree, and drives her forehand with pace and determination.

MISS BETTY NUTHALL is one of the most popular players in England to-day. She has exactly the right cheery spirit which endears her to English "galleries," and she looks as though she were enjoying herself when she plays tennis, another thing which always makes a person extremely attractive to watch.

Her strokes themselves are excellent, and she has one backhand drive up the side line which has earned her more "aces" than I could possibly tell you. Her forehand drive is very hard hit, and she has a way of taking her racquet back very early in the stroke, which to my mind is very effective indeed. Her overhead service has for some time past been rather a trouble to her, but now I am glad to say she is getting it well into working order.

THE MOST FAMOUS LA
W

The Centre Court at Wimbledon st.
Lawn Tennis, and on its battlefie
enacted every year. Two views o
the Championships appear on this
the Men's Singles in progress, whil
Ladies' Sin

AWN TENNIS COURT IN THE
VORLD

nds for all that is greatest in the world of
elds of faultless turf, epic struggles are
f the Centre Court as it appears during
page, the lower picture shows a match in
st the upper shows two opponents in the
ngle ing battle—Central Press

HIGH LIGHTS AT WIMBLEDON

By "Volleyer"

HALF the enjoyment of watching the lawn tennis championships at Wimbledon lies in knowing something of the people who are in the limelight, and if you know the various champions merely as numbers on the programme you miss a good deal of enjoyment which you may obtain by knowing something *about* the great players of the year, their favourite strokes, their likes and dislikes, their weak points, and, in fact, their temperaments generally.

S

I SUPPOSE that, of all the men "stars" who go to Wimbledon, Henri Cochet, Jean Borotra, and "Bill" Tilden attract the biggest "gates" of all, and it is not only because of their skill at the game itself that they do this; it is also because they all three have great personality, and the "gallery," which is one of the most observant in the world, knows and appreciates this. The "little man from Lyons," Henri Cochet, perhaps the greatest lawn tennis player who ever lived, is a real character if ever there was one, and he takes an almost impish delight in "sleeping" on the base line during the early stages of many of his matches and then suddenly waking up and utterly bewildering his opponents by a demoniacal display of energy. Cochet is never so dangerous as when he has his back against the wall and is fighting hard to pull a match out of the fire.

S

I FANCY he will keep his championship this year, although his very recent defeat by his countryman, Jean Borotra, at Brussels (in what was, I hear, the finest single ever played in Belgium), may be a foreshadowing of what I have been predicting for some time, namely, a big "come back" for Borotra, who has been putting in some hard "spade work" over his ground shots, and is now a very much fitter player than he was. He might quite easily win the singles this year.

S

"BILL" TILDEN, of course, is certain to have a great following this Wimbledon, for many people believe that the tall American at thirty-seven years of age is playing better tennis than he has ever done before. Certainly any one who saw the first two sets of his final against Cochet in Paris must have agreed to this, and I feel quite confident that in a *three* set match he can still beat any man living. Whether he can "stay the course" if he is forced to a long, five set match is quite another matter, but to anyone who wants to "make a book" on the singles at Wimbledon I should certainly suggest their backing Tilden as a finalist, if not the ultimate winner.

S

ALTHOUGH he has played tournaments unceasingly ever since the first week in January, he seems perfectly fit and fresh, and has never been more confident or more cool in moments of crisis, and I shall definitely place these three men at the head of the big list of champions who are going to fight out their right to the championship at Wimbledon this summer.

S

WHERE the standard of play is so high, it is hard to do justice to the *very* large number of fine players who will undoubtedly go far, but who cannot, I fancy, reach the final stages of the event.

Baron de Morpurgo is a really good

THE CHAMPIONSHIPS IN PROGRESS AT WIMBLEDON

A view of No. 1 Court, to which extra accommodation has been added this year, with a big crowd watching the progress of a match in the men's singles. The exterior of the famous centre court can be seen on the right

H. W. Austin making a backhand shot in the English style. This young player has a classic style reminiscent of the Doherty Brothers

J. C. Gregory, one of the finest doubles players in the world, whose singles play suffers sometimes from too great exuberance

J. Brugnon, a product of France, winner of the Doubles Championships at Wimbledon with H. Cochet in 1926, and with the same partner in 1928

Baron H. L. de Morpurgo, the finest player Italy has ever produced. So far he has never shown his true form on the grass surface of Wimbledon

Austin is really a wonderfully strong young fellow, as anyone who has seen him playing Karel Koseluh on the Riviera will agree, but he is apt to get very easily done in by a long series of tournaments, and is quite at his best when he has been having a few weeks of practice games without their consequent nerve strain.

Although it was very unfortunate for English hopes that he did not play in the last Davis Cup match, it was the best thing possible for his own play in the championships, where, given a good "draw" (which means *so* much, no matter how good the player), he might quite easily go to the semi-final.

A BOY who is by far the best young player of this year is Perry, who partnered Miss Ryan at Beckenham. Watch him well, for he has all the makings of a future champion, and has already beaten quite a number of very fine players this season.

OF course, the men's doubles is really the event which draws the gallery, and there is nothing better in the world than a fine men's four. This year there are a larger number of good teams entered than for some years past, and we are lucky in having two such good pairs of our own as I. G. Collins and Dr. Gregory and Austin and Kingsley. The Australian pair, Crawford and Hopman, are a pretty fine combination also, besides the ex-holders, Henri Cochet and Brugnon, and the present holders, Van Ryn and Allison.

A NEW team which may "put the wind up" a lot of pairs are William Tilden and young Timmer, the Dutch champion, who is partnering the famous American in the absence of "Junior" Coen. Tilden is such a fine "general" that he can, and will, get the very best out of his partner, but I fancy that Cochet and Brugnon may very possibly win back their trophy again.

OF course, Von Kerhling and Jan Koseluh are both wonderful players on their own hard courts, but, like De Morpurgo, have never found their proper form at Wimbledon. "Stars" which shine on the Riviera find it very hard to produce the same brilliance in such different surroundings as at Wimbledon, and people get the wrong idea of their play when they see them being eliminated by quite mediocre players on perhaps a very damp grass court.

J. Willard and H. Hopman, of Australia, engaged in a doubles match. They are a very fine pair as well as first-class individual players Their team work, severity and angled volleys make them difficult to bea

player, who has never, so far, done himself justice on grass courts. His defeats at previous Wimbledons have been quite ludicrous compared with what I have seen him do on hard courts, and I am hoping that this year he may possibly arrive here soon enough to become really at home on a grass surface.

OUR own premier player, Austin, is quite capable of putting out a lot of good players, and I am sure that he will have far more chance owing to his having taken an "easy" for the last few weeks.

YOUNGER PLAYERS OF THE HOUR

J. S. Cliff, one of the most prominent of the young English players A junior champion, he has already represented Great Britain in international matches

Miss Jenny Sandison, who is competing at Wimbledon. Champion of India, she visited England last year and had a most successful season. She recently won the Kent Championships at Beckenham

Miss Doris Round, who has had a meteoric rise to fame. Though only nineteen this Worcestershire girl has already beaten Mrs. Holcroft Watson, Miss Joan Fry and Miss Joan Ridley in a Wightman Cup Trial

Miss P. Mudford, who made a most successful first appearance in the recent Wightman Cup Match, when she beat the most promising young American player, Miss S Palfrey with the greatest ease

Christian Boussus, a French "young hope" with a beautiful style. Among his many victims is the Champion, H. Cochet, whom he defeated at Marseilles

Peter North

MADAME EYRE DE LANUX

The well-known artist, who has recently taken up interior decorating, is holding an exhibition in Mr. Curtis Moffat's gallery at the end of this month. Her exhibit shown last autumn in the Salon des Arts Decoratifs was bought in its entirety by Mrs. W. Randolph Hearst

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

POPULARITY'S WIFE

By RACHEL FERGUSON

ILLUSTRATED BY F. S. MAY

"You can't put me off that way. I'm not one of your summer affairs"

THE PIER PAVILION
DION SAFFYN
AND COMPANY

THAT notice was pasted on the Station Road hoarding; as you neared the sea and esplanade the posters became larger and less restrained. On the pier itself they developed a mild hysteria and were printed in three colours. And Keston, the music-shop in North Street, inserted frames of Dion Saffyn photographs among his grand pianos and sentimental ballads. Mrs. Puttick, of the fancy stationery shop, began to show picture postcards of Dion Saffyn—and Company—in the window. But, if it came to that, Mrs. Puttick stocked him all the year round, even in the winter, when the waves slapped and banged against the deserted pier, and Arcaly society went into Purdah, garnished with muffins and progressive whist.

* * *

"Dion's coming on the tenth! *The posters are out!*" And the Harbin girls capered round the breakfast-table. Captain Harbin (retired), adjusting the marmalade jar and protecting his tea-cup, was by no means appeased or deceived by the ecstatic kiss on the top of his head from Vera.

* * *

"Mr. Saffyn is appearing again quite soon!" said old Miss Lettice to Miss Hester, as she pottered and dusted silver. "I always say he has such a nice high-class entertainment. And those pretty songs . . . nothing the least bit . . . always a tune you can hum. . ." And the steps of the sisters were brisker that morning as they proceeded down Marine Parade, and Miss Hester even forgot to scold the butcher for sending (and counting it in the weight) a square of perforated suet which looked for all the world like Nottingham lace. It wouldn't even render down. . . .

At The Cedars, half a mile out of Arcaly, Joan Mallowe burst into the drawing-room and announced that Di was due, and wasn't it heavenly?

And Lady Mallowe, arranging flowers, said unerringly, "It's got to 'Di' now, has it?" to which Miss Mallowe responded that it had got to *that* two seasons ago, and Mrs. Saffyn didn't mind a bit.

And Lady Mallowe glanced at her daughter, murmured "Poor woman!" and resumed her occupation.

In her bedroom Joan was unearthing photographs of Saffyn. The one he had given her himself one evening in his dressing-room centred the mantelpiece, its autograph barring the white pierrot trousers. She owned six other portraits. One of them was missing. Damn!

(All rights strictly reserved)

"Poor woman. . . ."

That was so like elderly people. They picked on the telling and obvious retort that silenced but never convinced. Mother was rum about Di. Rum, but clever. It was clever of her not to make a fuss about the whole situation, but rum of her never to wish to get to know the Saffyns. Now dear old Captain Harbin was neither rum nor clever, but just a father, and that meant noises behind the *Morning Post,* and, in its ultimate manifestation, barking about dogwhips and These Mummers, and saying things which began "That Ever a Daughter of Mine. . . ." At this point Joan found her postcard. Dion in mufti, looking an incredible dear—even her brother had failed to damn him, Joan remembered.

* * *

In a Maida Vale flat Dion Saffyn was also the topic between a grey-haired man standing by the window and the shifty-eyed woman lounging in the over-scented room littered with mascot dolls, magazines, and ash-trays.

"I've given up expecting you to be any sort of a wife to me, Maud, but I'm not going to have my name disgraced; you must please understand that. Frankly, you're making an exhibition of yourself over this Saffyn chap. I'm afraid it's got to stop."

"You're a beastly dog-in-the-manger. You don't care tuppence for me, and then grudge me——"

"Yes, Maud. What am I grudging you?"

"Well, affection, then."

"Are you quite sure this fellow *is* in love with you?"

He had cornered her, she thought angrily. But James Mountjoy-Hurst had not consciously laid a trap; in spite of everything, he would have seen her happy if he could, had always done his best, stupidly, doggedly, until he knew it was hopeless. Until that day when a succession of late nights and mixed drinks had rasped her nerves more than usual, and she had thrown at him that she had only married him for his money.

Making ample provision for her, he had cleared out; one didn't trade on one's right to hold an unwilling woman. But his conventional, domesticated nature writhed, dictated the stray, formal visits to the flat she had elected, visits which always drove him away helplessly distressed at the increasing demoralisation of her.

"Well, look at it like this, then. Try and put yourself in Mrs. Saffyn's place." An amusing retort instantly occurred to Mrs. Mountjoy-Hurst, but she refrained. "She seemed to me, on the only occasion I met her, to be an exceptionally decent, nice woman."

"Ohh-h! . . . It's like that, is it?"

Her vulgarity sickened him.

* * *

Arcaly existed, mainly, on visitors who returned year after year, charmed by it into lack of enterprise. The men liked the Conservative Club in Capstan Place; the women, the friendships ripening annually. Limited, as yet unexploited, the little sea town knew how to secure affection.

In her compartment Mary Saffyn looked from the train at the too-familiar view, once emerged from the tunnel that, every year, she forgot to expect and guard against by pulling up the window. A strip of sand, bathing machines newly aligned for the season, the pier bluntly cutting the dazzling water . . . she shook the grits from her lap and took down her suitcase.

From the next carriage Dion emerged. He had been sitting with his soubrette. It had been the soprano last year—and Mrs. Mountjoy-Hurst, and the year before one of the Arcaly girls and Mrs. Mountjoy-Hurst.

Mrs. Saffyn called to her daughters: "Pauline! Ennie! Come and get your things, dears." But they were already on the platform,

entangled with a group of figures in tam-o'-shanters and jerseys. Mary, lifting down her own and the girls' packages, glimpsed a muddle of hugging, kisses, exclamations and laughter; saw Dion join them, openly kiss Miss Mallowe, his arm round the shoulder of somebody else; saw the humorous cock of his eye as he petted and chaffed them.

IT was very baffling still. And Mary had had nine years of it . . . she had often striven to understand the point of view. You were either in love, in which case you were miserable, and in no circumstances kissed your man at the station, or you were not moved by him at all, in which case you certainly did not come to meet his train. But here they all were, booked for it once again: the hot-bed atmosphere of adoration, the stew of emotion and jealousy, sunshades, glances, appointments, until the end of September. And in the heart of it Dion, suave, amused, gratified, a little susceptible, abominably charming.

Mary, watching, loved him possessively, and hated him very violently; craved for a little attention for herself, and longed to box his ears until his head sang. But, the raptures over, a young voice cried, "And is Mrs. Saffyn coming again this year?" Mary, smiling a little wryly, emerged. It posed a man to have a hostess. . . . Mrs. Saffyn had long given up proffering friendship to her husband's patrons, girding at herself for a possible injustice to Arcaly's female population, arguing that their affection for herself was genuine. But the suspicion was always there.

Two of the three station flys rattled her to their house. She was alone. Of late years she had left off reminding herself that it was reasonable that Dion should begin renewing old acquaintance on the evening of arrival, that it was natural the girls should scatter, linked, to their amusements.

She opened the door with the key that the charwoman had, as usual, posted to her. The house, the rooms, all needing her touches. Had Cooper sent the syphons? And had Mrs. Rennet remembered the methylated spirit? Mary noted that that ancient optimist had laid tea for four. How still the house was! Lizzie would be round at seven to help with the dinner. The back door bumped, and a rattle announced the arrival of the groceries. The boy was singing.

> It was something in the air
> That made her do it,
> Something in the air
> That made her mad,
> It was something in the air
> That made her feckless,
> For you couldn't call her reckless
> And you couldn't call her bad:
> It was something in the air——

Two pairs of eyes raked the sitting-room window, but Dion Saffyn's wife was long used to that sort of thing.

The air from the windows that she went slowly upstairs to open was tonic; it made her conscious of deflation, jadedness. She guessed her face was looking as tired as was her town-wearied body. Well, she and Dion were both getting on; he was forty-six, but men, of course, were apt to come through the ordeal with credit, though Dion, in a perfectly businesslike manner, kept the years at bay with rows of creams and lotions. There was no secret about it. It was, he sometimes said, their bread and butter. It wasn't, of course. He could retire any day now on his savings and the royalties from his songs.

From the open window of the villa opposite came a familiar voice.

"Ahh . . . say you're glad to see me . . ."

That was Mrs. Mountjoy-Hurst.

Mary leant against the dressing-table trembling.

DION, in flannels, was composing at the piano he always hired from Keston's. The girls had dispersed the moment breakfast was over; Ennis had promised to order the fish for the light and early supper that Dion had to have, but she had forgotten. Mrs. Saffyn added it philosophically to her own tale of duties.

> Ev'rybody's got to go through the mill
> One time or another . . .

crooned Dion, to his own accompaniment.

> You think by Fate you are the Chosen One,
> You think you've earned at last a place in the sun;
> With sad surprise you realise when youth is done
> That everybody, everybody goes through the mill
> One time or another

"How does that go, Polly?"

"It doesn't *scan*, Dion." Why did one get betrayed into that sort of remark? But there was so much to think of. It had given her a headache. And the next moment his hands were on her forehead, cleverly massaging. . . . "And a spot of Cologne, Polly, and then a rest with the blinds down and feet up and shoes off. Damn the house! *And* the shopping! Give 'em a miss. The kids and I'll feed in the town. Now come along."

And it was so. Dion sometimes did things like that; read your thought and laughed at it very kindly; tweaked it from your very mouth and answered it before you'd said a word.

"The cursèd mummer has his uses, though his tunes are first-rate second-rate bilge . . . no real talent, but he gets there somehow—and *that's* maddening, too," murmured Dion Saffyn, gently covering his wife with the eiderdown.

From the dining-room two voices: that of Pauline, shrill and exasperated. "What *you* think you're in love with is hanging on a nail in father's dressing-room! His eyes? Lord love you, Miss Pearce, you can't run a home on sidelong brandy-balls!"

"THANKS, thanks, my daughter, always the little lady," muttered Dion, as he escaped by the back door. Miss Pearce was a caution, poor wretch. Commonly he could trust his daughters to police what Ennis called "father's waiting-list," but the Pearce, pale-eyed, hysteric, her abominable tresses hung anyhow, had slipped through their guard.

The climax had come only a week ago when, faltering into his dressing-room with a pair of slippers she had made and embroidered, she suddenly emitted sundry whoops and cast herself on to Dion's crisp frills and told him that he was her one romance in a voice which arrested five sticks of grease paint in adjoining rooms, while their owners chuckled.

Mary had helped him out of that predicament. She had been admirable, dispassionate. Chatting, she led the gulping creature away. Ennis said that she was suffering from Suppressed Curate, to which Pauline replied, "No, it's more Ingrowing Vicar." Mary Saffyn, prone on the bed, vaguely heard the conflict. That Miss Pearce—or somebody else. Poor Miss Pearce was really no worse than dozens of them, only she managed it all less adroitly. . . . Mary wondered if she ought to go down and disperse whatever was going on? These affairs were bad for the girls . . . oh, well, let them fight it out. Dion had been very sweet. . . .

THE season was drawing to a close. Mrs. Saffyn, packing, sorting, checking the inventory—ever with one eye on Dion, hunched at the table—was suddenly uneasy. To-night was his Farewell: there would be speeches. Auld Lang Syne, presents, carnival streamers, dozens turned away, "Everybody's Got to Go Through the Mill" and probably "It was Something in the Air" as well, sung by Dion, unaccompanied, before the curtain. She knew it all backwards. . .

His voice startled her. "Mary——"

"You'd better tell me all about it, Dion."

Silence. "It's that Mountjoy-Hurst woman."

"Ah!" Mary's lips tightened. "I've tried to warn you against her, Dion, but you can understand it wasn't easy. I—I mean, it would have sounded just the sort of cheap jealousy that I've always—tried not to show." Tears thickened her voice, and she turned away.

"Polly dear! Do you *mina* these damfools here?"

"Isn't it natural?"

"Well, I *am* blowed! Look here, Polly, if I may say so, that's the mistake you've always made. I mean . . . when we first came here you used to joke about it all and laugh . . . but, and the girls have noticed it, too; you're rather a—a wet blanket now."

"Oh, I know, I know!" Her face was white.

"I don't want to sound a fatuous swine, but I didn't make my face, Mary, and, quite apart from that, I can't help enjoying the returns it brings me. I shouldn't be human if I could."

"But you *can* prevent bringing Mrs. Mountjoy-Hurst about my house, letting my girls kiss her—— Faugh! letting me pour out her tea——"

Dion's face changed. "You're right about that. I—

(*Continued on page 694*)

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When you return to your room, you will find a second application of *Pond's Cold Cream* very cooling. Allow it to remain in the skin for a minute or two, while its pure oils dissolve and ease to the surface the tiny accumulations of impurity which gather in the pores beyond the reach of soap and water. Then take *Pond's Cleansing Tissues* and wipe away the soiled cream and impurities. You will find that this leaves your skin delightfully smooth, soft, and clear. Carried out regularly at night and as often as necessary during the day, it encourages the skin to grow fine and free from blemish.

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If your skin is inclined to be dry, leave the cream on all night. It is an excellent food for the skin, nourishing it, helping it to retain the youthful contours and texture, and discouraging the formation of lines and wrinkles. After a day-time cleansing, you will find a splash of *Pond's Skin Freshener* very refreshing. It braces the skin and closes the pores, removing every trace of oiliness and bringing a glow of natural colour to the cheek.

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After each day-time cleansing, and, in fact, whenever you wish to look your best, the merest trace of *Pond's Vanishing Cream* gives the final exquisite touch which marks your toilet as perfect. It gives the skin a most attractive bloom and forms an ideal base for your powder.

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POND'S Vanishing *and* Cold Creams

FASHION ON HOLIDAY By Blanche B. Elliott

If there be a brief respite at any time in the activities of that gay lady, Madame la Mode, it is now, when the world is in holiday mood and flocking to the sea, country, or the cool mountains. Actually, however, she is only laying her deep-laid designs for the near future. While getting ready gay garments for Deauville, the Casino, polo, or extravagant lounging suits for the Lido Beach, for her dearly loved élégante to wear, she is preparing a foretaste of what will be shown at the Paris openings in August and early September.

Those of us who are at home will have bought most of our summer requirements by now, but will probably be by no means averse to picking up a few of the specially attractive bargains which by all appearances are to be showered upon us once the sales begin. This they will do in a very short time, when we are sure to want some additional little tennis frocks and an evening dress or two, while the wise will lay in their stock of undies, gloves, and stockings at the low prices that prevail.

Our attention at the moment is principally directed to our holiday wear, and we will want a bevy of smart little frocks in bright colours or in soft, pale shades as our fancy dictates—probably both. It is now the little linon or cotton frocks are at their best. Made with fine tucks or pleats, and trimmed with exquisite touches of crisp muslin gathered to look like froth, or with the neat, dead-white piqué, with a dog-tooth edge, which is so fashionable this year.

There is, too, the natty tailor suit we shall need for cooler days. The little dress has a baby sleeve, an elbow length, or is quite sleeveless, while for those who prefer the long sleeve it will sport a fancy cuff. There is a wide scope in colour and style for the holiday tub frock, which yet needs good cut and fit to look smart The sloppy, ready-to-wear look must be avoided. With them the wide-brimmed hat is the preferred choice, and the bandeau round the head lifts the brim off the face in the favoured tip-tilted manner

Those of us who will take Scotland in our stride will want to include some of the new little tweed frocks and suits in our outfit. And nothing *is* so suitable for the North, not while Scotland, the land of the tweed, still *is* Scotland, though with the intrusion of the nouveau riche from all parts of the world as a tenant of the Highland castle and the emigration of the native, one wonders how long it will remain so. Nevertheless, the early autumn models have appeared. Patou was showing some deliciously simple little one-piece frocks such as we shall all delight in a little later. The type of garment which in England still bears the odious and demodé title of "coat frock." These are spruce little belted affairs in lovely soft shades of heather-blue, and a new reddish brown, with coats to tone. Champcommunal showed some very original little lightweight tweed outfits, with quaint, one-sided effects, and often piped them with black as a contrast. This is yet another English house which is holding its own in Paris

Irene Dana makes the little velvet wrap for evening engagingly short and lines the wide, frilled elbow sleeves with printed chiffon to match the frock Carried out in soft tones of periwinkle blue, with plain blue velvet coat

Model Irene Dana

Lelong flares the basque of this velvet coat slightly, and borders the high collar and deep cuffs with fur. Made for Mademoiselle Claire Luce Model Irene Dana

IT is to the Highland shooting parties, too, that we may track the pretty tradition of the teagown to its lair. With so much publicity, it is a source of deep curiosity to the foreigner as to *when* and *why* it is worn. Certainly there are a few charming and picturesque ladies who don it in the intimacy of their boudoir or drawing-room just before dressing for dinner, or keep it in a glorified version of costly fabric and flowing line for a friendly or family dinner. But for the workaday woman it seems of little use. Yet it is shown with the persistence of a lost cause, and, truth to tell, it may be traced down in its cheaper versions to the outer fastnesses of the semi-suburban dance hall or bridge fight, cunningly disguised, yet betrayed, all the same, by its subtle teagownish trail!

ITS modern complement is the robe de studio, whose ample and flowing lines, riot of colour, and beauty of material thinly veils the harem trousers beneath. Keeping close company with it is the elaborate pyjama suit, which should surely be described by another name. In plain or printed silks, satins, or chiffons, it is shown in the greatest variety by all the most exclusive Paris houses. It portrays Madame's new pose of a freedom which chooses cloistered seclusion as a mode of expression. Quite different is it from the brilliant and exotic beach pyjama or the sports and yachting outfit, yet the trouser idea is apparent in them all. Americans would probably take statistics as to who wears them, when, where, and why, but our attitude of laissez-faire preserves us from such intrusive methods of gaining knowledge.

NOR at this season is it possible to omit bathing suits from mention, and the newest kinds are most elaborate and have added all sorts of accessories as bags, hats and capes. One suit, with a coloured jersey top and another-coloured shorts, had added a circular skirt of crêpe de Chine, cut on the cross. Box-pleated crêpe de Chine skirts worn with jersey suits were shown by Patou, while few of us will not have acquired some of the fascinating beach pyjamas that everyone showed in Paris. They are *too* thrilling and make such splashes of vivid colour. The sun tan low back is not quite so much favoured now, but you can get a zipper to run up and down your spine to make it high or low.

TO shade one's face from the glare and prevent screwing up one's eyes and forming wrinkles one may wear an enormous beach hat. With these preparations against King Sol—we greatly hope to see him, so all that remains for me to say for the next few weeks is—Happy Holidays!

Blake

A very graceful frock in Celanese georgette, printed in a small and colourful design. It has been designed by Marguerite, of Bond Street, who has exploited to the full the beauty of this all-British fabric, and shows the new ankle-length skirt which is favoured for garden party wear

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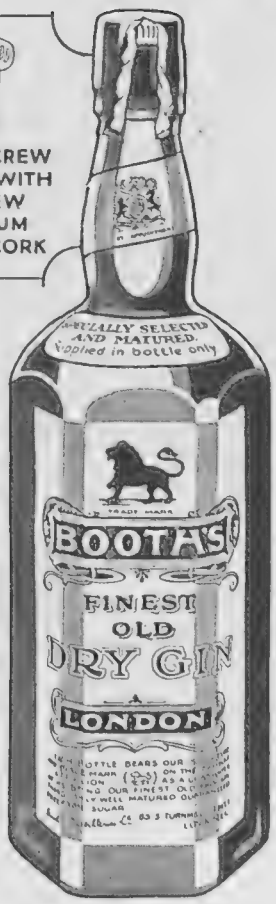

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PARIS GOSSIP

CHARITY FÊTES AND TELEPHONES

By Sylvia Lyon

Sketches by NORMAN KAY

"This is the season when great charity fêtes are given"

THIS is the season when great charity fêtes are given, usually at the Ritz. All the tables are applied for with great gusto, because all the diners are fairly sure that their names will be in the papers the following morning. And as I have revealed this deeply involved abberation that contributes to the externally social scene of Paris, I, to the contrary, cannot very well say who goes to these charity fêtes, because I do not want to hurt anybody's feelings.

And I am being utterly truthful when I say that an American society reporter, in all seriousness, added to her phrase, "among the members of the American and English colonies," the astonishing words: "among the members of the French colony"!

ANYHOW, the most recent and most successful charity dinner-dance was that organised by the Princess Nicholas of Greece and the Grand Duchess Hélène of Russia, for the benefit of the home for Russian children at St. Germain. As part of the entertainment, Prince Nicholas arranged Greek tableaux, for which his daughters, the Princesses Marina and Elisabeth, posed. And I did think how strange Prince Nicholas must have felt while arranging these tableaux, for which he has a genuine and thoroughly artistic flair, because it was only a few years ago, for a Court function, that his nieces, the Princesses Hélène and Irène of Russia, posed in tableaux.

You see, the recent Parisian fête was given three days following the return of Prince Carol to Roumania, and I wondered how his relatives in Paris could keep their minds on the subject.

IT is simply drawing from my own little conclusions that I gather that the impulse for King Carol's coup d'état was promulgated in Paris, which is only natural, as France and Roumania are closely affiliated politically, culturally, and matrimonially. I first thought that something was up a few weeks ago, when letters from Roumania told me that the Generals Gouraud and Berthelot, the Comte de Saint Aulaire, who was French Minister in Bucharest during the War, and Monsieur Loucheur, a former Briand Cabinet member, were in Bucharest.

THE recalling of the Roumanian Minister in Paris, Constantin Diamandy, has caused a certain amount of distress, as he was very popular here, being assisted in entertaining by his young married daughter, the Princess Soutzo. Another Princess Soutzo, but who was born a Chrissoveloni, of the Greek banking family, is now the wife of Paul Morand, the author, who, besides following that vocation, has a post in the Foreign Office. Morand, in his early diplomatic career, was first secretary in London. Madame Morand's daughter is married to Prince Eric de Broglie, a cousin of the Princesse Diane de Broglie, who was recently married in Biarritz to the Duc de Montebello.

"All the tables are applied for with great gusto"

THE Comte Gaston de la Rochefoucauld, who died the other day, was a nephew of the late Marquis de Breteuil, whom King Edward had appointed as Parisian guardian-host for the Prince of Wales. It is rather a coincidence this project is explained in the Princesse Marthe Bibesco's new book, "Some Royalties and a Prime Minister": "King Edward bestowed by his will the greatest proof of friendship and confidence that could ever be given by a Sovereign to a citizen of another country. . . . The King of England confided to the Marquis de Breteuil the finishing touches in the education of his grandson, Prince Edward, who was to spend several months of each year, for three successive years, beginning with 1913, in the house of Breteuil.

"THE MARQUIS DE BRETEUIL," the Princesse writes, "was a scholar and a lover of books in a city where there are many collectors of rare editions and many possessors of the secrets of books, a man of the world in a country which has produced for centuries many men of the world; a politician who, although strongly gifted for politics, kept aloof among many politicians, the Marquis was a rare combination of everything that a French gentleman should be: an intellectual as well as a sportsman, a nobleman as well as a good citizen."

I THINK that the reason why the Continental telephone system is so bad is because all the wire in the world is being used by sculptors, and all the tubes for conduits are being made into furniture. This brilliant idea struck me when I saw the exhibition of wire sculpture by Lippscitz.

AND I think that the trouble with the writers and artists of the Romantic era was that they absorbed too many vitamines and calories. Because all you have to do is to take one long look at the gigantic Delacroix show at the Louvre, and the Victor Hugo exposition at his own museum in the Place de Vosges, to realise that the men of that epoch were endowed with an overdose of energy.

S. L.

"The reason why the Continental telephone system is so bad"

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BOOKS AND PEOPLE

THE MOST DARING YOUNG WOMAN IN LONDON

By Ralph Straus

I AM still waiting for *The Autobiography of a Babe in Arms*. Presumably the genuine article will not be published until Professor Haldane (Lord Birkenhead, of course, assenting) has had his way, and our Bright Young Things have all been ectogenetically produced. Meanwhile, thank goodness, more and more of our antiquated Great Ones are actually allowing themselves to depart for heaven without having presented us with the story of their blameless lives. In their place we have the youngsters giving us the benefit of their experiences, and I, for one, have a warm welcome to give them. At any rate, they generally manage to be amusingly outspoken, and do not take everything for granted.

AT the same time, they cannot expect to escape scot-free at the hands of the critics. When Beverley Nichols published his *Twenty-five* they called him an insolent puppy trying, unsuccessfully, to ape his elders and betters. (It was the last thing that he wanted to do, but no matter.) Well, they had said much the same thing thirty years before when a youthful genius published a slim volume of essays and boldly called it *The Works of Max Beerbohm*. And now I am wondering what they will say of Ethel Mannin's *Confessions and Impressions* (Jarrold: 10s. 6d.). There will, I take it, be a considerable fluttering of the dove-cots (or whatever it is that is supposed to flutter).

MISS ETHEL MANNIN

Who, according to Ralph Straus, is the "most daring young woman in London." Her new book, "Confessions and Impressions" (Jarrold: 10s. 6d.), is reviewed on this page

MISS MANNIN must assuredly be the most daring young woman in London. The things she says! Three critics, at least, will have fits: with one of them the fits will be serious and even permanent. And why? Because she dares to say what she really thinks, and she happens to hold most unusual and provocative opinions about all kinds of things which the older people who bore us with their life-stories are always so careful never to mention. Sex, for instance, and Swaffer, and what the Puritans like to call Sin.

THE Confessions come first: a piquant and courageous bundle. Very little indeed is hidden, not even the author's age, which really is twenty-nine, no more and no less. (But why should anything that is vital be hidden? We have had enough of the polite and respectable "Lives," which are as like one another as the proverbial peas, and rarely if ever tell the truth.) Miss Mannin, on the other hand, simply wallows in the truth. She tells us of her board-school days, and I shall never pass one of those institutions now without wondering what tragic absurdities are going on inside them. She tells us about her typist days, when she wrote twopenny dreadfuls to help pay for her lunches and increase her library of poetry books. She tells us of her earlier successes with a modesty almost old-fashioned, but makes up for this lapse into conventionality by being startlingly frank about her own love affairs.

THERE follow the Impressions: all highly entertaining and distinctly pawky. Miss Mannin does not pillory her victims so much as exhibit them in brightly decorated little cages, to be stared at by admiring crowds. Here, she will say, is a really nice editor, but there you have a woman who is rather a cat. A nice cat, of course; genuine Persian and thrillingly beautiful to look at. Extraordinarily charming, too, to your face, but, "if you know what I mean"—feline. No, Miss Mannin is no respecter of persons. I could fill columns by quoting from her sprightly vignettes, but it will be enough if I annex a phrase or two here and there.

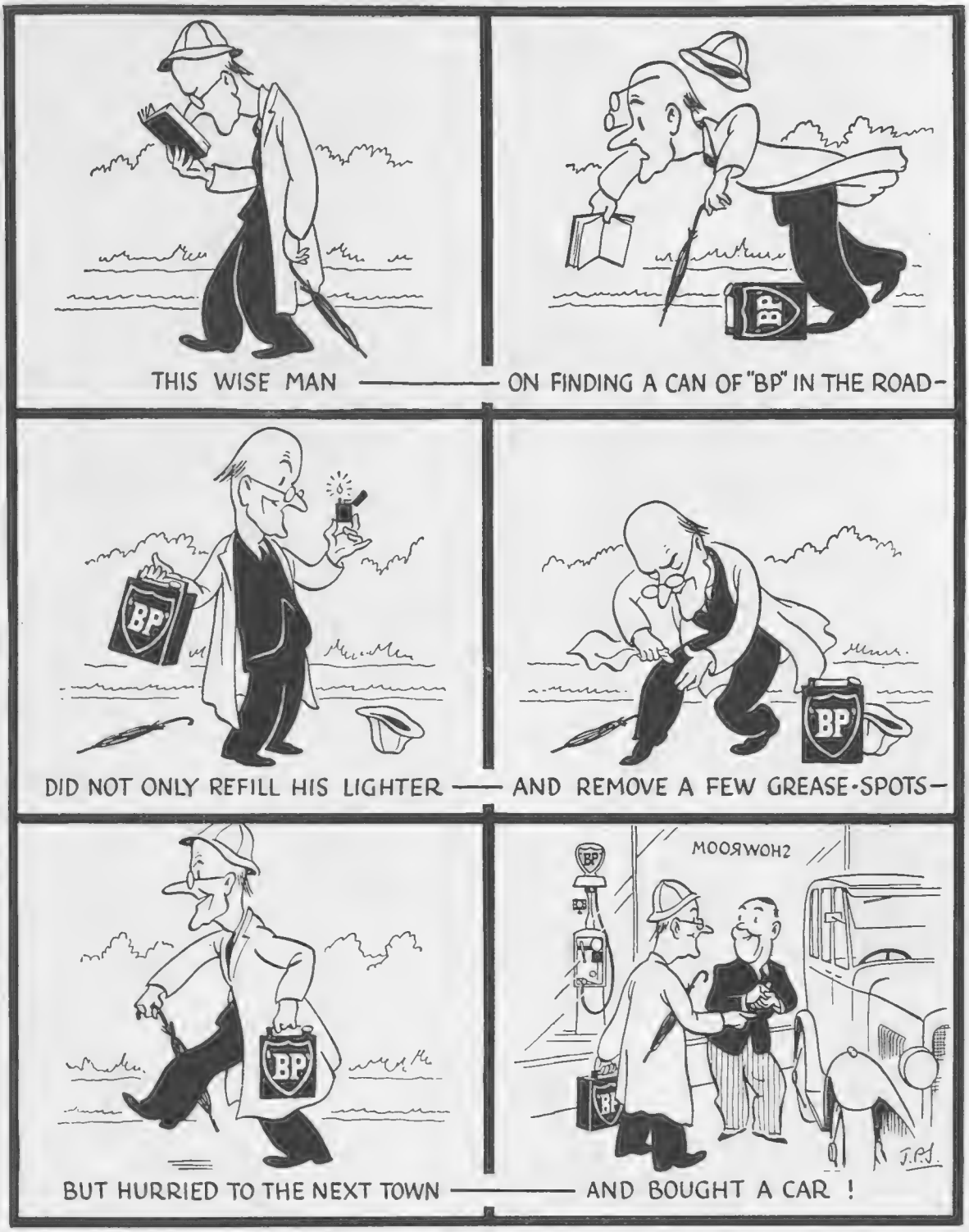
THUS Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith reminds her of a "brown, withered apple," which, at any rate, is delightfully impolite. Epstein, the only sculptor who is "saying" anything to-day, resembles "the man who has come to see about the burst pipe." But are all plumbers physically alike? Perhaps they are. I must look and see. And then, of course, Hannen Swaffer strolls on to the stage, and has his face smacked once again. He thrives, it seems, on other people's secrets. A genuine fellow who "has stressed the pose of his omnipotence for so long that he actually believes in it." Osbert Sitwell, too, comes on, to be teased about his personal appearance. He, poor man, is like "a very superior cod." He can console himself, however, by remembering that cod is a most palatable dish. And after this, I am relieved to find that Mr. Ralph Straus, whose review of *Crescendo* in THE BYSTANDER was not too favourable, is a Distinguished Person who dresses exceedingly well.

THESE miniature portraits are very well done. I may disagree with Miss Mannin when she speaks, for example, of the "distinguished corpulence" of Mr. Arnold Bennett—he is quite thin these days—but I would recognise Mr. Ralph Straus, were I to meet him, at once. And I cannot imagine any of the victims either reeling, writhing, or fainting in coils, except, perhaps, Mr. Swaffer, who can apply the usual remedy, and no doubt will—if it suits him to do so.

MISS MANNIN is a rebel, and there you have the explanation of this very unusual book. She hits out hard, but what is the good of hitting at all unless you hit hard? I am prepared to be told that her book is "an error in taste," "quite shocking," and even "dangerously subversive." I prefer to see in it a sign of the times. I do not like all Miss Mannin's novels, and I have never read any of her short stories, but I like her hugely when, as here, she calmly buttonholes you and allows you to see what manner of person she really is.

IN the way of new novels there is no falling off, so far, that is to say, as numbers go. Publishers will tell you that they have never known such a monstrously bad season, but their lists

(Continued on page 694)



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BOOKS AND PEOPLE (continued from page 692)

seem to get longer and longer. And I notice that yet another young man, Mr. Harold Shaylor—he must be young, or he would never have done it—has set up for himself as a publisher. The first book on his list introduces me to a Welsh author whose work I had not seen before. Mr. Rhys Davies wrote *The Withered Root* and *A Bed of Feathers*. Their successor, *Rings on her Fingers* (Shaylor: 7*s*. 6*d*.), is well worth reading.

THE theme is as old as the hills—the bored wife who has married for money, and, when the strain has become too great, runs amok. Both the background and the story itself, however, have novelty. The scene is a small town in South Wales. The husband, a draper with a good business, is one of those effeminate little fools who invariably do choose the wrong women. Edith marries to get away from her family, and for that you can hardly blame her; but she must have known well enough into what kind of a fool's paradise she was venturing. And yet, as a cynical friend has warned her, this miserable Edgar "gets" her in the end.

NOW usually in such stories, when the wife takes a lover, she attempts to leave her husband in the dark. Edith, on the other hand, immediately tells Edgar—in a very fine scene—and it reads like the truth. What does the poor little man do? He is terribly bewildered, he "hates" the woman who has wronged him, but—you know well enough that after a few weeks' separation, Edith will be taken back to her comfortable home, from which she will never stir out again.

THIS is good work. My view of the Welsh nation has undergone no change since reading the book, but I must congratulate Mr. Davies on presenting his people so clearly. In Edgar Roberts you have all the shop walkers ever born to wear a frock coat and spats rolled into one. He is a dreadful little man, and yet he commands your sympathy. And Edith, too, is an understandable woman. Mr. Davies is still a young man, and I shall follow his career with interest.

NEXT week I shall have something to say of the new Colette translation and the new Maurice Baring. Meanwhile, if you want something out of the ordinary, I would suggest Mr. Owen Rutter's new book, *Cain's Birthday* (Hutchinson: 7*s*. 6*d*.). This is not what ordinarily passes for an historical novel, and yet the main features of its story are founded on fact. Nearly a hundred years ago there was a mutiny aboard the *Bounty* somewhere away in the South Seas. The chief offender was a man called Christain, who succeeded in founding a strange colony—there were some native women with him—on Pitcairn Island. What sort of man was he? Most of the books have nothing good to say of him, but Mr. Rutter is of a different opinion.

NOW I know that most swashbuckling affairs of this kind have a habit of becoming distressingly dull, but *Cain's Birthday* is the exception. It is extraordinarily real, and tremendously exciting. I began it with trepidation, but ended it with regret, and lost two good hours' sleep into the bargain. See that it is put on your library list.

R. S.

In a series of sketches entitled *Domination*, which Murrays have just published, Miss Marjorie Johnston—a girl of eighteen—has presented the Napoleonic era with all youth's vigour and love of colour and the picturesque, yet with the skill and knowledge of far maturer years. The subject has keenly interested the author since she was a child and she has caught both the spirit of the man who set himself to dominate a people and of the people who so courageously surrendered themselves to his domination.

The Yellow Mistletoe, by Walter S. Masterman, just published by Jarrolds, is a romantic mystery-adventure story. A country parson walks down the stairway at Leicester Square Underground Station and to his death. There is a grim fight in a forest, and as the plot unfolds the suspense is heightened.

POPULARITY'S WIFE (continued from page 684)

Mary, what am I to do? I've never come up against that sort before. She insists on my meeting her in London . . . her husband's turning nasty . . . he's cutting down supplies because of me . . says that's the only way to appeal to her. . . . She's in a damned ugly mood, Mary, and, frankly, I'm in a funk. Sweet admission, isn't it? She's even threatened to damage my career if I refuse her. That's all m'eye, of course, but still . . ." His voice rose. "How the deuce was I to guess she'd turn out like that on me! None of the others ever have!"

"Shall I go and see her?"

"God, no! But you're a plucky——"

"You must let me think, Dion. I—have a lot of time for thinking in Arcaly. . . ."

Should—AULD acquaintance——
Three cheers for the——
Dion Saffyn! Dion!
—— BE forgot ——
Hip, hip——
—— and NEVer brought to mind——

The wooden pavilion rocked, and the streamers undulated to the uproar. Miss Pearce had split her benzolined gloves, the Harbin girls were standing, stamping, and beaming. Even the Captain was applauding. Miss Lettice hoped in an aside that went unheard that "something wouldn't catch." Her old eyes were bright. In the third row Mrs. Mountjoy-Hurst tossed her earrings; the ravaged face was watchful; the slender fingers were closed upon some object; her sunken eyes swept the stage restlessly. ("Nerves!" mechanically diagnosed Doctor Morant, even as he bawled. "Probably drugs, certainly champagne suppers. Silly fool, poor devil!")

She timed her approach, waited until the stream of congratulation would be over, tapped once on his door and went in. Dion, wiping his face with a towel, pale under the cluster of lights round the triple glass on his dressing-table. "Ah, Maud——"

"Dion, we are going to meet in town."

"No, Maud. I'm sorry."

"I mean it. You can't put me off that way. I'm not one of your summer affairs."

"I'm sorry, Maud."

"Sorry!"

"For goodness sake be quiet!"

"Are you serious, Dion? Why the sudden respectability? Why not admit that I can give you what that iceberg of a wife of yours is too stupid to?"

"Be quiet, for God's sake! I've been a fool, and probably a cad as well. I'd no idea, when we started all this, that you were serious."

"Cut that out. Do you love me?"

"Since you insist, no."

"*You mean that?*"

He turned to her blindly. Would she never go? "Put all the blame on me, Maud. Good-bye."

She made no move to take his hand, was swaying a little, fumbling with a little bottle. "You're faint; it's hot in here. Let me open it for you," but she struck his hand aside.

"If *I* can't have you, nobody else shall, and no other woman shall want to." She flung up her hand.

In the white-hot hell of pain, Dion Saffyn did not know that Mary had come into the room. His voice came in a wail. "Help me, Maud. Bandage my face." Terror was in her eyes. She whimpered, "I can't you're too hideous, and was gone.

"Dion!" But his head was buried in his arms. Mary sickened.

"*What did she do?*" He answered, thickly, head still bowed. "I'm not blinded, so I shan't be a trouble, that way. . . . I've saved . . . you and Pauline . . . and Ennis . . . but if you can't . . . can't stick it . . I'll leave you. I . . . shall understand." He raised his head suddenly. Smooth, white scars, like a leper.

Mary, on her knees by him, burst into tears.

"Oh, Dion! I've got you back at last!"

R. F.

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SHOOTING NOTES

Sport and General

Mr. C. Nigel Colman's Nork Magnet, showing its paces in fine style at the Richmond Horse Show. It took first prize in its class for Harness Ponies

THE DEVON AND SOMERSET LEAD THE VAN

By "Clodhopper"

THE West Country has ever been noted for good sportsmen and staunch fighters. The first definite stand against the inveterate, intolerant and grossly impertinent attacks of the self-styled "anti-blood sport" societies, upon the liberty and enjoyment of free-born, law-abiding British sportsmen in the pursuit of legitimate and healthful field-sport, has been taken by members of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds.

AT the annual meeting of that famous Hunt, presided over by Lord Bayford, the sum of £100 from the Hunt funds was voted towards the initial expenses of a special committee inaugurated for the formation of a National Association for the protection of all branches of field-sport, against the machinations of the fanatical leagues in question. Every man and woman who hunts, shoots, or fishes is invited to join the Association. It is to be sincerely hoped that the list of associates will be a long, a representative, and, above all things, an active one, for the present menace to sport is by no means to be taken lying down.

EVER since one can remember tame and wild stag-hunting, otter-hunting, and—in a rather less degree—shooting, have been the cause of a good deal of ink- and mud-slinging between sportsmen and anti-sports, through the medium of the Press, no serious damage being sustained on either side. The present campaign against sport and sportsmen, on the other hand, promises to be of a much more serious nature, for it is very obvious that the propaganda for the prohibition of, so-called, cruel sports is being championed by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. It is worthy of note that the R.S.P.C.A. owes a great tribute of gratitude to the sportsmen of this country, who from the very inception of the Society have most generously given both financial and moral support to it. I purpose writing more fully on the "anti-blood sport" campaign in the near future. Meanwhile, let us prepare for war.

BEFORE these Notes go to press most partridge broods will have left the nests. In point of fact, the head keeper of a famous Nottinghamshire manor pointed out a number of nests on one of his beats from which the young birds hatched off ten days ago. The gamekeeper in question (he has served no less than thirty-one years on the same estate, upon which the Lords Ashburton, de Grey, Walsingham, and other notable game shots of the last generation made some wonderful bags) is hopeful of being able to show an equally good, if not a better head of partridges than last season, which was almost a "bumper" year.

ROUND the hedgerows of one forty-acre field he was able to show me twenty-one hen partridges sitting snugly on clutches varying from twenty to twenty-six eggs, and this particular section of the best being remarkably free from furred vermin, as foxes, stoats, weasels, rats, hedgehogs, poaching dogs and cats—the worst of all vermin—the hatch out of this particular field should prove to be something approaching a record.

ON other portions of the beat, which contains approximately 3,000 acres, the land, despite constant watching and trapping, is not so free of vermin, eleven nests having been rifled by stoats and hedgehogs, and a few by marauding crows and rooks. Fortunately, however, the hedge-bottoms were so thick this spring that the damage done so far by feathered egg-thieves has been comparatively negligible.

SINCE the above favourable report on the partridge prospects were penned thunderstoms of semi-tropical severity, accompanied by torrential rain and hailstones of almost marble size were, on the Royal Hunt Cup day, experienced in the Midland game districts, and for that matter throughout the southern portions of England generally. One inch of rain was actually registered at Leicester within thirty minutes, and it is to be feared that the casualties among young game birds in areas swept by the deluge will be serious.

YOUNG pheasants, both wild and hand-reared, have done remarkably well, many that have come under my notice being able to use their wings. If we experience fine dry weather during the next six weeks or so there appears to be every prospect of the approaching game-shooting season being above the average.

MAX BAKER'S SHOOTING NOTE

CULTIVATE "EARLY" SHOOTING

ABOUT this time of year many shooters will steal a few hours from the crowded engagements of a London season to go the round at a shooting school. Those who disdain mere practice do it to harden the shoulder. If last season's form proves to be intact and the birds comparatively easy, there is no finer incidental study than to experiment how soon you can take them after they have topped fence, tree, or whatever obstruction hides the platform from which "driven" birds are projected. In my time I must have watched thousands of shooters doing the routine, and almost all have struck me as letting their birds come too near the overhead position before firing, which is natural when the chances come singly for the most part. By shooting as early as possible, better opportunity is provided for using the second barrel so that both birds may drop in front of the stand or butt. This is the acme of good shooting, and the art can only be cultivated by learning how deadly the gun is at a distant oncoming bird when the charge is rightly placed—also how easy the game is to gather afterwards. There is nothing like clays for mastering the process. The stand is usually rather far back, hence conditions are right for taking them early. The spectacular plumb over-head shot is not first-class style, nor a good bag filler if the chances for right-and-left which it wastes are taken into account.

Same Old Headache Every Afternoon

A Sign of Poisonous Waste Accumulating In Your Body

That same old dull ache in your head every afternoon—that sudden mysterious tired feeling that comes on you before the day is done and sends you home more ready for bed than for your supper—it's one of the surest signs your intestines are falling down on the job and letting the waste matter accumulate. The stored up waste putrefies—setting up toxins and poisons that sap your strength and energy, cause your head to ache and make you feel as if you had lost every friend in the world.

One of the best things you can do for sluggish intestines is to drink a glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning before breakfast. This has a splendid cleansing and stimulating effect upon both the stomach and intestines. You can make the hot water and lemon juice doubly effective by adding a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder.

This is a famous old natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to flush the intestines and to combat the putrefactive processes and acidity. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish. Get about four ounces of Kutnow's Powder from any chemist to start with. Use it faithfully for six or seven days. The change in your condition will amaze you. You'll feel like a new person, improved in appetite, in colour and clearness of complexion. Years will have seemed to be lifted from your shoulders. Every chemist knows of Kutnow's Powder and will be glad to sell you four ounces for a test.

AN INVITATION

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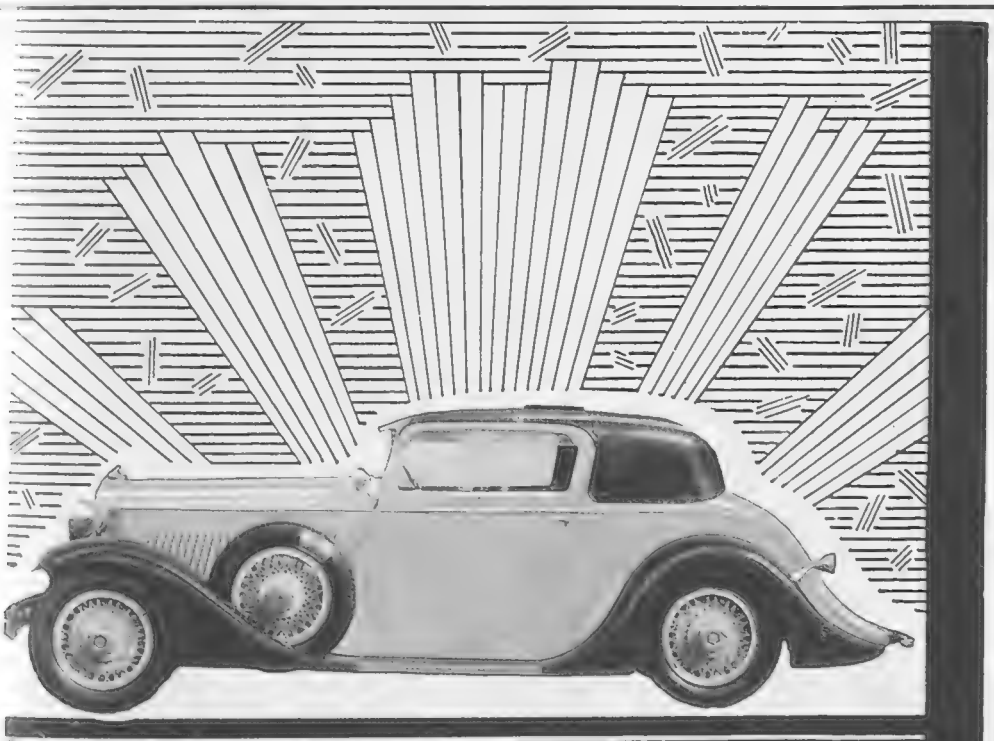

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A REAL 1930-31 CAR

PRICES £795 to £1140

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Thank Goodness!

—it wasn't really true

For weeks she had been upset. Dark doubts and misgivings crowded through her mind. He had been so attentive; yet when he went away he didn't write. Could it possibly be that insidious thing — halitosis? Finally his letter came; everything *was* all right. But never again did she omit that simple precaution in her toilet. She wanted to be sure.

* * * *

It's true. Even your best friends will not tell you when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That's the trouble.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine Antiseptic as a mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic and germicide that has been in use for years as a remedy for Sore Throat, Influenza, Colds, etc., possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant.

Being antiseptic, Listerine Antiseptic allays fermentation in the mouth — one cause of odours. Being a germicide which kills germs in 15 seconds, it attacks infection — another cause of odours. Then, being deodorant, it overcomes the odours themselves.

This safe and long-trusted antiseptic has dozens of different uses; note the little circular that comes with every bottle. Your chemist sells Listerine Antiseptic in three sizes: 3-oz. bottle at **1/6**, 7-oz. at **3/-**, and 14-oz. at **5/6**. Buy the large size for economy. Write for our helpful free book on personal hygiene to S. Maw, Son and Sons, Ltd., 7 to 12, Aldersgate Street, E.C.1. Selling Agents for Great Britain and Ireland.

End halitosis with

LISTERINE

BRAND ANTISEPTIC

"Kills 200,000,000 germs in 15 seconds."

IRMO

PARISIAN CHARM WITH ENGLISH WEAR

FRANCE herself can give you nothing more lovely than these Morley stockings . . . . none more deftly fashioned to outlast long service, keeping all their gossamer charm of fit and finish. In a Morley stocking for instance you get rid of that teasing seam beneath the foot; Morley's side-seam provides the greatest comfort and the greatest resistance to wear yet combined in one stocking. Morley's also give you special strength without any hint of heaviness at heel and toe . . . . a reinforcement so subtly introduced that you cannot see or feel the difference. That's why women who once would never have dreamed of buying stockings outside of Paris always now buy Morley's in one of forty alluring shades. Because they're just as charming . . . . because they're made better *Full fashioned pure silk stockings from* ***5/11*** *per pair.*

I. & R. MORLEY sell more fashioned *Silk Stockings* than any other manufacturers in this country.

MORLEY SILK STOCKINGS

Service Advertising

Fashions Fancies

Lenare

A CASINO FROCK IN PATOU PINK

Everything about this graceful frock suggests sophistication. It is expressed in the newest of colours—Patou's lovely pink that combines a subtle mauve—and exploits the growing vogue for fringe, which, in this case, is used to outline the panels of the skirt and to edge the quaint shawl. It comes from Marshall and Snelgrove and is made of heavy romaine

In London Now

By Olive Caley Smith

Pale pink organdie, bound and embroidered with blue, is worn by the little girl on the left, while the boy's suit is of blue linen with a checked blouse. These, with the amusing hand-knitted wool bathing costume, come from the Grand Maison de Blanc

Seasonable Festivities

Ascot, Wimbledon, Goodwood, Cowes, the pageant of the London Season unfolds. Every minute of the day is filled, and the evening hours are danced away. All of which makes it essential that women shall be well groomed, and permits them very little time to devote to the achievement of this end. A perfect coiffure is tremendously important, and it can be possessed by every woman, for Francis, of 3, Hanover Square, is an artist in all the branches of hair work, and he is able to create individual styles which enhance the attributes of each of his clients. Furthermore, he is always ready to advise those who visit his salons, without imposing any obligation upon them. There, too, may be found silk-sifted powders and creams for the complexion, to say nothing of subtle perfumes which are like distilled magic. The new Francis No. 5 has a delicately fresh and piquant fragrance that makes it particularly suitable for summer use, for it brings the scent of flower-filled gardens to the hot streets of the city.

Modern Children

It is always a joy to plan a child's wardrobe, but never more so than in the summer, when they are able to wear the simplest and prettiest of garments. At the Grand Maison de Blanc, 133, New Bond Street, there is a fascinating collection of clothes for babies and children up to the age of fourteen. Some are sketched at the head of this page, but no drawing can convey the charm of their soft pastel shades nor the beauty of their fine stitchery. The dress worn by the little girl on the left is made of pale pink organdie, the scalloped skirt and the quaint fichu being bound with blue and embroidered with tiny azure flowers. The small boy is clad in blue linen trousers and a blue and white checked blouse, with frilled white collar and cuffs; while the third child is very proud of her hand-knitted wool bathing costume, which will not lose its shape, and is expressed in two contrasting colours.

Dates to Remember

June 25 is a day which will be carefully noted by numberless women, for that is when Marshall and Snelgrove's (Oxford Street) Sale commences. From then until July 26 there will be outstanding bargains in every department, while each Thursday will be a Remnant Day. Beautiful model evening gowns have been reduced to as little as 6½ gns., while floral ninon afternoon and semi-evening frocks are available for 94*s.* 6*d.* In the Small Women's Department there are, for 6½ gns., models which originally cost 12½ gns.; while pure silk crêpe de Chine nightdresses, handmade and hand-embroidered, for 25*s.* 9*d.*, or coloured lawn nightdresses for 7*s.* 6*d.*, with matching chemises and knickers for 5*s.* each, are other attractions. A Sale Catalogue will be sent post free on request to all who mention the name of this paper.

Supplementing One's Wardrobe

Stockings, gloves, and accessories are always good investments, and they can be bought most advantageously at Harvey Nichols, of Knightsbridge, during their Sale, which commences on June 23 and continues for five weeks. For the modest sum of 7½ gns. one may become the possessor of a wool georgette frock, finished with a satin collar and vest, and complemented by a full-length coat; or there are soft tweed coat-frocks, with matching scarves, for 5½ gns. These come from the Model Gown Department, where the day and evening dresses and wraps have all been substantially reduced. Blouses are tremendously important this season, so it is good news that heavy satin ones, the neck outlined with stitching and the front adorned with a pleated jabot, may be secured for 29*s.* 6*d.*, while soft wool cardigan coats, which were originally priced at 21*s.*, cost only 10*s.* 6*d.* There are some splendid lingerie and corset bargains, and each of the remaining departments is making special offers which nobody should miss.

A beautiful coiffure created by Francis to enhance the charm of shingled white hair. Three deep permanent waves are swept right round the head, and the side pieces are softly curled

FLYING NOTES

THE PAGEANTRY of WINGS

By CAPT C.E. WARD

L.N.A.

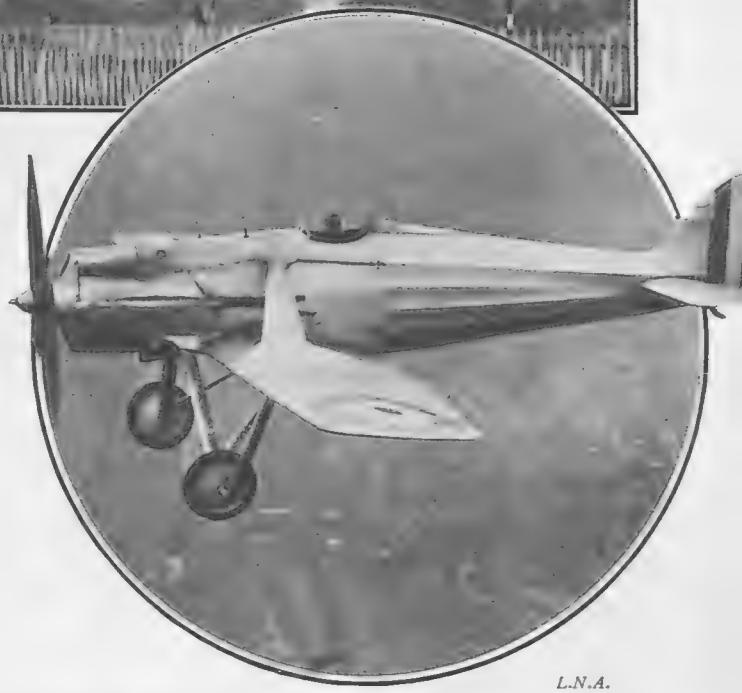
Formation flying by planes which are taking part in this year's aerial pageant at Hendon

The Royal Air Force Display

SATURDAY next, June 28, is Air Force Day at Hendon. Once again we shall be treated to a spectacle which has no equal anywhere in the world for brilliant flying, speed, discipline, colour and variety. It is not certain whether the King and Queen will be present, but the Prince of Wales is expected, and the Prime Minister, members of the Cabinet, the Corps Diplomatique, the Empire Press Delegates, and the Colonial Governors over for the Conference are amongst those who will be seen in the Royal Enclosure. Accommodation has been arranged for 150,000 people and 15,000 cars, so that it is more important than ever to start out in good time, bearing in mind that there is a rival function at Lords, which means a certain amount of traffic congestion *via* Baker Street and Edgware Road. The clearest roads will be those through Hampstead and Paddington. People arriving by air must use Stag Lane Aerodrome, and pilots are warned to keep a sharp look-out for other machines owing to the concentration of aircraft North of London on the day of the event.

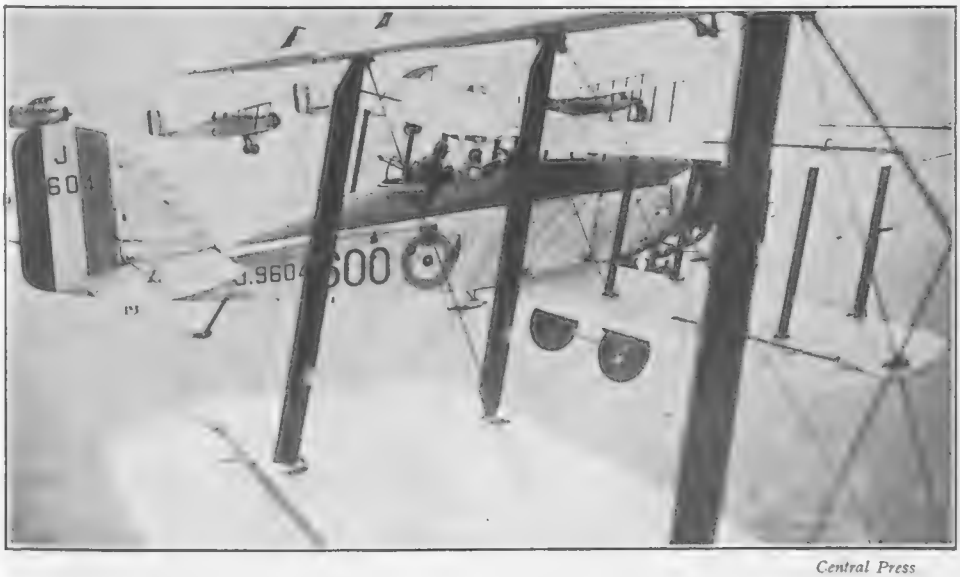
Popular Items Revived

ALTHOUGH the Display proper does not commence until 3 in the afternoon, the programme of flying starts at noon with many interesting events before, during and immediately after lunch. Four Wing Commanders and four Flight Lieutenants are taking part in the Headquarters Race, which is a handicap event for a cup presented by the Duke of York. Five different types of machine are being used with performances so well known that the finish is certain to be as exciting as last year, when the Halton Command won almost by a "prop" boss. The usual messages will be picked up by aircraft, replies being despatched by means of weighted bags; the actual wording being in the vernacular, it is unlikely to be broadcast. Aerobatics with and without coloured smoke will be indulged in at frequent intervals, and some new tricks are promised, particularly by three Genet Moths, which will indulge in crazy flying after the best "Flying Corps" tradition. Each of the Reserve Schools run by De Havillands, Armstrong Siddeleys, Bristols and the "North Sea Aerial" has nominated a pilot for the Annual Race, which is flown on Gipsy Moths, and the first named School is represented by a son of the house, Flying Officer G. H. De Havilland. The "City of London" Territorials, Number 600, commanded by Sq.-Ldr. The Rt. Hon. F. E. Guest, D.S.O., will demonstrate in formation. A comparison with the Regulars is inevitable, but the result will surprise the expert critics who have not watched the practice flights.



L.N.A.

The latest single-seater fighter for Offensive Patrols. It is a De Havilland machine with the latest Napier air-cooled engine, and is believed to exceed 200 m.p.h at a great altitude



Central Press

A close formation of Westland Wapiti. It is a machine of this type which is used by the Prince of Wales for official touring

Slow Motion

THE tortoise, the snail, and the slow-worm will perform by special request. This is not intended as a comic turn, but the

"THE SPORT OF PRINCES"

Central News

Lord and Lady Brentford inspecting the air taxi fleet at National Flying Services' headquarters at Hanworth Park with Squadron Leader the Rt. Hon F. E. Guest. Sir Sefton Brancker and Mr Boyes are following them

antics of slow machines always amuse a crowd which has become accustomed to speed. The three machines in question are the Pterodactyl, an old offender shaped like a bat, the Autogyro, without visible means of support, and the Gugnunc, which is a modern version of the "Clutching Hand," designed for the conquest of the Guggenheim Prize. The Lynx Avro retains the monopoly of crazy flying, used to demonstrate the liberties which can be taken by skilled pilots with a lightly loaded machine. R.101, a device for controlling a large amount of gas in motion, will wend its stately way across the aerodrome, accompanied by the band with suitable airs. The slow motion events include that ever popular parachute descent by six men in formation. Last year, one man sat on the roof of another fellow's "Irvin," thereby causing some unnecessary alarm amongst the crowd and some bad language aloft until he vacated his airy perch.

The Amusement Park

FOR the benefit of those who study their programme with care throughout the day, instead of keeping it for reference purposes and as a memento of a great occasion, I should explain that the official title of this Park is "An Enclosure for New and Experimental Types." As a matter of fact, this year there are no new machines with a humorous bias when viewed on the ground, but there are many of considerable interest. De Havillands have found time to build an Interceptor Fighter which is un-named but fitted with Napier's new sixteen-cylinder air-cooled engine, designed by Major Halford. It develops unbelievable speed above 20,000ft., so why not call it the "Comet"? The entries of Vickers and A. V. Roe are also anonymous, the former, which we will call the "Vamp," being a night bomber with two engines by Rolls-Royce, and the latter a training machine fitted with a Siddeley "Mongoose." The Puss Moth, the Cutty Sark amphibian and the Blackburn Lincock, amongst others on show, are expected to take the air. The Beardmore Inflexible will be missed, as it provided the only contrast last year as a really large machine. Its place might be taken by one of Imperial Airways' liners to seat 40 people, although this could be scarcely called an experimental type.

Fox Photos

A torpedo plane taking off from the deck of H. M. Aircraft Carrier "Furious" for a trial flight. These floating aerodromes carry as many as 100 machines and a personnel of over 1,000

All in a Day's Work

THERE is no feature at the Display which does not form some part of the varied exercises and duties of the R.A.F. Naturally, stunting and novelty items have the wider appeal, but there is sufficient variety to suit all tastes. The mysteries of "Art Obs," otherwise Artillery Observation, will be explained by loud speakers whilst flying is in progress. Similarly, squadron drill orders from the air will be heard in the enclosures by wireless. Single seater fighters will attack a camp with machine gun fire and release their bombs at 50 feet. A formation of flying boats is due from Southampton; the enemy's balloon will come down in flames and finally there is the big bang which brings a great day to a close

At Hanworth Park

CAPTAIN J. A. MANSFIELD, M.C., has been appointed secretary of the principal N.F.S. Club at Hanworth, where the membership is rapidly approaching the 1,000 mark. The Clubhouse is situated in delightful gardens with a wonderful lawn leading down to the aerodrome and excellent hard courts close at hand. As a rendezvous on summer evenings or at the week-end it would be difficult to find a more ideal place near London. Lord Brentford paid an official visit recently to inspect the air taxi rank, which is a feature at all N.F.S. centres. Flying instruction may be booked on four different types of machine, the Moth, Bluebird, Spartan and Desoutter, rates for the latter being at £4 an hour instead of £3 for the open two seaters. For those who are not members of N.F.S. there will be an excuse to visit Hanworth on July 5 for the King's Cup Race. There is an unconfirmed rumour that the Prince of Wales may fly with Sq.-Ldr. Don in his own entry, the Tomtit, but in any case he is likely to be present at Hanworth for the finish.

Personalities in the Race

LATE entries for the King's Cup have brought up the total to more than 100. Captain C. D. Barnard, holder of the long distance return flight records to India and the Cape, is flying a Puss Moth and Mr. W. L. Hope, the winner of the cup in 1928, has chosen the same type. In addition to the Prince of Wales and Prince George there are many distinguished owners interested in the race, particularly as the King's Cup goes to the entrant and not to the pilot, Lord and Lady Wakefield, Lord Trenchard, Sir Philip Sassoon, Lord Rothermere and Lord Wavertree being a few from the long list.

C. E. W.

Player's Please
PLAYER'S
NAVY CUT.
REGD No 154011
NCC/420

BY LESLIE BUTLER

LITTLE MISS MUFFIT

TROUT ON THE TEST

By R. G. Thynne

THE STORY OF A SHY TROUT

THE day had been full of the promise of thunder, a day of muggy mist alternating with vicious wind squalls that made good casting a matter of some difficulty, and culminating in the afternoon in a solid downpour.

I had caught a brace of fish, one in the lee of a small wooded island, where two had been feeding close to each other alongside a spread of water buttercup in full starry bloom. I had spent a good hour over them, trying each in turn with about a dozen different flies, before one of them took a small ginger quill. The other, a bigger fish, though he had consistently come up and looked at every fly I put over him, had as consistently refused to be tempted.

Over a good rise

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SO I left him still rising intermittently and returned to the White Hart to dinner and a pint of good bitter, ruminating the while on that most fastidious trout. After dinner, another pint with the keeper—an old friend and a valued one who likes me, I think, as an ordinary human being, not as one in a procession of "rods" on that famous water. His first questions were for my personal news and general welfare; then mentioned that there had been a late evening rise a day or two previously—and I felt I must catch that fish before I slept.

And I slipped on my brogues and went back to the lee of that little island.

S

A STILL, grey evening, with a light misty rain falling. Crossing a meadow on my way to the water I put up a dozen or more peewits, all scared to death lest I should discover their nests, and calling breathlessly to distract my attention. A snipe rose in front of me and made his lovely whistling call, and a cuckoo flew out from a solitary old ash calling plaintively to his mate, every now and again circling round with violent wing-beats that threshed the air.

A fishing hut on the Test

A brace and a half weighing over 4 lb

S

ON the water not a sign of life, so I filled a pipe and waited by the river bank, fully content just to be there. Soon a pair of old water voles came out from behind a clump of reeds, sniffed the air, chased each other round, sniffed again, and sat up and cleaned their whiskers. Then old man vole started chasing his lady, dodging in and out among the reeds, till suddenly both took to the water almost at my feet; and there ensued a most amusing game of water leap-frog, each in turn ducking as the other swam over.

S

AT that moment I heard a welcome clo-op, and saw a ring spread slowly out from the spot I had come to watch. Quickly I put a small olive quill over that ring, but though my fish rose more than once, he took no notice whatever of my fly. I changed for a ginger quill, and again for a hare's ear, with no better result.

S

THE evening sky was clearing for a fine sunset when I put on a smallish light alder on the off-chance of his being attracted by the size or colour. My first cast was a little short—I was afraid of over-casting, as he was rising within inches of the clump of water-buttercup, and my fly, once caught in that, must surely put him down.

S

AT the second attempt, however, my fly came on the water a few inches short of the weed, and he took it, as though he were starving. His first dash upstream was short but very strong, ending in a series of leaps; then, before I could reel in he was back again, past me, and took some fifteen yards of line out before I could check him. His next effort was to get into the weed, and he bored round in circles, always trying to get his nose down into the long, stringy stems that might give him freedom. But the circles grew smaller and smaller, and in five minutes I had him in the landing net, a lovely thick fish of one and a half pounds.

S

SOMETHING accomplished, something done, I packed up my rod and strolled slowly back to the inn, there to show the landlord the result of my labours. My night-cap was yet another pint of mine host's excellent bitter, and none ever tasted so good.

Topical

Fishing on the Kennet, at Hungerford, where the Mayfly has made its appearance. One of the privileges of the ancient borough of Hungerford is that commoners of the borough may fish the Kennet on three days of the week

MOTOR NOTES

SINS OF THE SURVEYOR

By E. M. Wright

Mr. R. F. Pearce, the Managing Director of North Foreland Hotels, Ltd., with his new Rover Meteor Sportsman's Saloon. He is seen outside the Kingsgate Castle Hotel, in Thanet

MYSELF when young did eagerly frequent surveyors' offices and subject their inmates to great argument, but the answers were always vague. Heads were shaken wisely as though to say, "Well, these are problems that are as yet imperfectly understood; after all, motoring is a new thing . . ." and so forth. Yet a mile or two on out of that surveyor's area one would come across those same problems obviously solved without any apparent difficulty. The geological and climatic conditions were the same, and supplies of road material drawn from the same sources. Only the surveyors and their men were different. What did it all mean?

Mr. W. E. Rootes, of Rootes Ltd., talking to their Australian office in Sydney from the West End offices in Devonshire House, Piccadilly. Messrs. Rootes have arranged for a bold campaign for British cars this season

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IT was not until I went to some of the makers of the materials that the doubts began to assail me which rack me now. For there I heard the most amazing stories of ignorance on the part of these men who handle our money. One purveyor of the stuff from which glass-smooth, death-trap surfaces were made told me that when he received a contract to lay a road in this material the average surveyor was not satisfied if the road did *not* have a glass-smooth surface, the smoothness being in the average surveyor's opinion the greatest virtue of that material! Of course, you may say, the makers would naturally defend their products; but these people showed me actual examples of roads properly laid in their materials.

WHEN you consider that between the rates and the Road Fund motorists pay by far the greatest share of road costs in this country, it is hardly to be wondered at if they ask some awkward questions at times. For years past they have been putting some posers to the road surveyor which the latter has managed to avoid with much greater skill than he applies to his job. We are now in the throes of another tarring season, and it is timely to summarise these questions and put them once more to surveyors:

(1) It has been shown that tar can be sprayed and covered with chippings in such a way that the road is ready for use within a few minutes, and does not damage the coachwork of passing cars. Why, then, do so many surveyors make such an atrocious mess with their tar-spraying, so that tens, if not hundreds, of thousands of pounds' worth of damage is done to the property of those who pay for the roads?

(2) Hundreds of miles of excellent roads have been made in tarmacadam, i.e., macadam mixed with tar. Why, then, do some surveyors so lay a road in this material that on the first hot day it softens, goes into ruts and bleeds great gouts of liquid tar, which again gets on to coachwork, and even the shoes of pedestrians and feet of animals?

(3) The upright kerb, standing from three to six inches above the road surface, has been proved to be a deadly danger; for a car which swerves or skids against it must buckle its wheels, turn over, and perhaps catch fire, as has happened several times within the last three years. The only excuse for this kerb is to hold the edges of subsequent coats of road surfacing; but there is no need for it to be vertical. Indeed, it could be built up as required. Why, then, do some surveyors—with the ghastly record of tragedies in front of them—continue to fit this death-trap kerb? On a round of 800 miles in the north recently I saw miles of it, all newly laid, though it is barely three months since four people lost their lives by fire when a car skidded against a kerb of this kind.

(4) The concrete road with the surface left bare forms an ideal dustless and non-skid highway. Tens of thousands of miles have been laid in America—and even a few here—with perfect success. Why cannot we have more of them? Why is it that so many of our British-made concrete roads crack up after a few months of use?

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THERE used to be yet another question. There is no material that cannot be laid with a non-skid surface, at least when new, yet up till recently certain kinds of asphalt were always laid with a deadly smooth and glassy surface which became as dangerous as a skating rink after the slightest fall of rain. It took an ordinance by the Ministry of Transport to stop this folly.

* *
*

YET why was it allowed to go on so long—at the cost of hundreds of lives and literally millions of money? How was it that the surveyors who have since been compelled to lay these materials in a perfectly safe form did not do so before?

20-25 H.P. ROLLS-ROYCE

The additional power and acceleration give the car a hill-climbing ability on top gear that is exceptional, without need for 'rushing' at gradients that compel the use of a lower gear with most cars. One can approach the foot of a steep hill at 15-20 m.p.h. and climb it either at that speed or at a higher rate, the response to accelerator control being as immediate and smooth on hills as on the level.
One drives no faster, in one sense, but nevertheless covers a given distance in less time, because of the rapidity with which the 'cruising speed' is regained after slackening for traffic, corners, cross-roads, and so on"—*Marcus W. Bourdon.*

ROLLS-ROYCE

THE BEST CAR IN THE WORLD

R.A.F. DISPLAY, HENDON JUNE 28

ROLLS-ROYCE LIMITED 14-15 CONDUIT STREET LONDON W1 TELEPHONE MAYFAIR 6040

Champs-Élysées, Paris.

A HOOPER ROLLS-ROYCE

By Appointment to His Majesty the King.

By Appointment to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

HOOPER & CO. (Coachbuilders), Ltd.

AGENTS FOR ALL LEADING CARS.

Motor-Body-Builders and Coachbuilders

By Appointment to:
HIS MAJESTY THE KING. H.R.H. PRINCESS MARY.
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN. COUNTESS OF HAREWOOD.
H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES. H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

By Appointment to:
H.M. THE KING OF SPAIN. H.M. THE KING OF EGYPT.
H.M. THE KING OF SWEDEN. H.I.M. THE SHAH OF PERSIA.
H.I.M. THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN.

54, ST. JAMES'S ST., PICCADILLY, LONDON, S.W.1

Kennington Service.

MOTOR NOTES (*continued from page* ii)

So it is with tar, which is, perhaps, of all the sins of the surveyor the one that irritates the public most. (I should explain straight away that all is not tar that spatters. Tar is a name given to a lot of mixtures, some of which contain very little of the stuff itself.) But even pure tar can be sprayed with perfect success, provided it is of the right specification—and this is laid down by the Ministry of Transport, so that there is no excuse for surveyors not learning, even if you did not expect it to be part of their job to *know* without guidance.

***

There, then, are the facts. Not only is public money being wasted, it is being spent in a way that actually causes loss of life and damage to property. If the guard of the 8.53 took to spraying the seats with treacle or the postman left his trade mark in whitewash on each front door the nation would naturally object. Yet, alone amongst public servants, the surveyor—supposed to look after our roads and given huge sums for the purpose—is allowed to make the roads dangerous and at times almost unusable!

***

I am fully aware of the difficulties of road-making and maintenance in Great Britain, of the curious climate, the unequal conditions of soil and materials, the financial stringency, and especially the fact that most of our surveyors are scandalously underpaid, considering the importance of their work. But can it be argued that they are deliberately slack because of that? No. And the fact that so many of them do excellent work only emphasises the shortcomings of the remainder. The only conclusion is that the average standard of knowledge and professional efficiency is appallingly low amongst surveyors, compared at least with that of other professions. The questions I have to ask are not rhetorical. If they can be answered, I invite the journals which cater for surveyors to answer them.

One of the seven Wolseley six-cylinder cars used throughout the Prince of Wales's safari in East Africa. It is seen on the point of setting out on a run

Honours Well Deserved

Few men have been so honoured in their lifetime as Sir Frederick Henry Royce, one of the new Baronets in the Birthday Honours; and none has more worthily deserved recognition. For, as founder, director and chief engineer of Rolls-Royce, Ltd., he has been responsible for the evolution of cars and aero engines that are world-famous. Born at Alwalton, near Peterborough, in 1863, he had, owing to the early death of his father, to leave school while still very young and earn his living as a newsboy. Within a year, however, his brilliant promise enabled him to get more schooling. Subsequently he was apprenticed to a locomotive works, and eventually established the firm of Royce, Ltd., for the manufacture of electrical apparatus. It was not until 1903 that he started making cars. From the very beginning he aimed at perfection.

***

Few men have displayed his enthusiasm or physical endurance. Indeed, so wrapped up was he in his work that he was utterly careless of his health and oblivious of proper meal- or bed-times. Only the devoted attention of his friends prevented him from killing himself with overwork, and, in fact, on one occasion the doctors gave him but a month to live.

E. M. W.

economy

WHAT would you think of a motorist who tried to run without oil to save its cost? Yet there are still some motorists who starve their engines with poor oil, thinking to save a penny or two. Penny wise, pound foolish! The best oil CASTROL, is cheapest in the long run. It gives more miles per gallon It gives smoothly-working mechanism. It prevents an overheated engine. It defers decarbonising for far longer periods. Experts like Mr. Kaye Don and Capt. H. R. S. Birkin, use CASTROL exclusively. So do thousands of similarly wise motorists! Use Castrol and economise. Use Castrol and make every run a ***pleasure*** run.

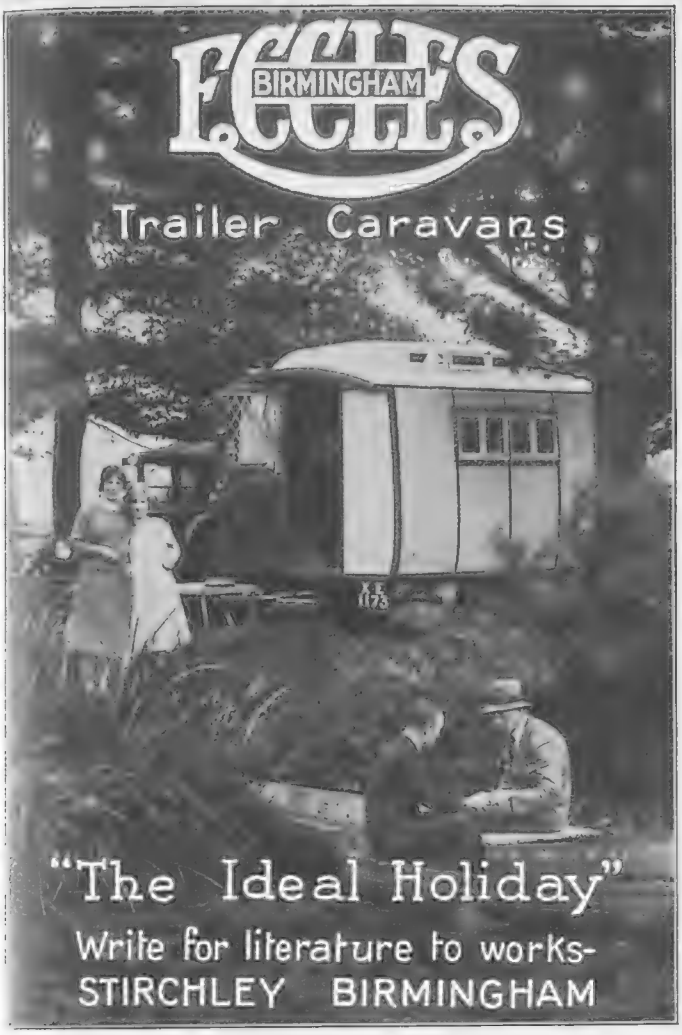
WAKEFIELD

CASTROL

QUALITY is the Best Policy

MOTOR OIL

C. C. WAKEFIELD & CO., LTD., *All-British Firm,* Wakefield House, Cheapside, London, E.C.2



There is more in this than meets the eye!

The patent super-charged action of the KISMET DUPLEX Footpump will inflate a tyre with the greatest ease and rapidity, because it is really two pumps in one, the outer cylinder keeping the inner cylinder constantly charged with air under pressure. It is the best you can buy and GUARANTEED FOR EVER. Other features are a push-on connector which fits all valves, and an accurate pressure gauge fitted to the connection.

Your choice of Models

KISMET DUPLEX "MASTER" 58/6
KISMET DUPLEX "JUNIOR" 40/-
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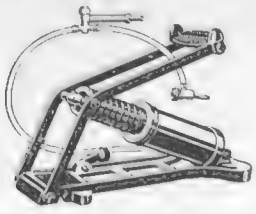
Illustrated Catalogue post free from

Wm. TURNER & BRO., LTD., Eyre Works, SHEFFIELD.

The World's most perfect Pump

KISMET
DUPLEX
"Two in One"
FOOT PUMP



The Riley possesses an individuality in design which is unquestioned —

BUT

there is something more — an unseen individuality — in a word, a performance excelling anything put up by any other car within its class.

And all this proves reliability unequalled —

Here is evidence — read Mr. Raymond Mays' letter —

June 2nd 1930.

Dear Sirs,

I should like to tell you how delighted I am with my Riley Nine Biarritz Saloon -- I have now run the Car for eight months under all sorts of strenuous conditions, and the Car has not cost me one penny in repairs or adjustments.

I have driven Cars of all types and sizes and can honestly say I do not know of a more fascinating Car -- in fact, the more Cars one drives the more one realises the merits of the Riley -- I fully understand the great enthusiasm of all Riley Nine owners.

The outstanding features of the Riley Nine are,

1. The amazingly high average speeds obtained with complete comfort and safety.

2. The liveliness and economy of the engine -- the petrol consumption working out at well over 30 m.p.g.

May I congratulate you on a really thoroughbred Car in which the full meaning of the word "Efficiency" plays a greater part than in any Car I know

Yours faithfully,

Raymond Mays

At MONTLHERY TRACK, PARIS
MAY 28th — JUNE 4th
9 INTERNATIONAL CLASS G.
WORLD'S RECORDS

1,000 miles	at 67.79 m.p.h.
2,000 kilometres	at 66.82 m.p.h.
24 hours	at 66.62 m.p.h.
3,000 kilometres	at 65.78 m.p.h.
2,000 miles	at 65.53 m.p.h.
4,000 kilometres	at 64.84 m.p.h.
3,000 miles	at 64.44 m.p.h.
48 hours	at 64.36 m.p.h.
5,000 kilometres	at 64.39 m.p.h.

ALL SEALED BONNET TESTS

and note the World's Records put up by E. A. Eldridge and Capt G. E. T. Eyston.

Now can you find another car in the 1,100 c.c. class which would DARE to submit to *this sealed bonnet test over a similar distance?*

That is the *unseen* individuality — a performance which demonstrates beyond dispute the super-reliability which, irrespective of speed, is a guarantee of all that you desire.

Let us arrange a trial run.

RILEY (COVENTRY) LTD., COVENTRY
and 42 NORTH AUDLEY STREET, LONDON, W.1

DOGS

Shows and Their Uses By "The Kennelman"

Busy days, these, for fanciers and for canine stars. There are Dog Shows at Bournemouth and at Ripon to-day, Wednesday; at Winchester and at Hatfield Park to-morrow, and another in the evening at Woolwich. On Saturday Southend has a Show, and the Alsatian League is staging one for its breed at Newcastle. Richmond's famous picnic Show in the Old Deer Park, always one of the London Season's attractions for overseas visitors as well as for our own folk, will be benched and fed by Spillers this year, on July 8. Many leading holiday resorts have arranged Dog Shows for July and August, and among the specialist Shows fixed for the first half of next month will be one each for Cairns in Bloomsbury and the dapper little Schipperkes in Knightsbridge, both on the 9th, Salukis at Knightsbridge on the 15th, and Pekingese at Tonbridge on the 16th.

Topical

Mr. and The Hon. Mrs. Bryan Guinness enjoying the sunshine in Hyde Park with their Irish Wolfhound. Mrs. Guinness is the daughter of Lord and Lady Redesdale

There is a good deal to be said for the view of those who think a Show not a good place at which to choose and buy Dogs. On the other hand, there's no denying that they afford a fine opportunity for careful study and comparison of the best specimens of different strains; and, be it remembered, for arranging with owners for the inspection at leisure of their kennels and young stock. The actual home and nursery, that is the ideal place in which to make choice and purchase. It is in the place where they have been reared, their own familiar surroundings, that one can best judge Dogs' quality.

Apart from the work of the big manufacturers of Dog foods, houses, clothing, appliances, medicines and the like, there are many other fields in which qualified men and women earn a livelihood from the care of our beloved First Friend among the animals; and one of them is the provision of holiday homes and boarding establishments for Dogs. When they are well organised and run, as the best now are, such establishments are a boon and a blessing. Good housing, absolutely correct feeding, and a site which includes abundant open exercise ground, are among the essentials which should be guaranteed. Two others are: Facilities for perfectly free inspection at any time, with or without appointment, and rigid exclusion of any boarder who cannot pass a strict veterinary examination. There must be no question of any attempt to combine hotel and hospital; no possibility of infection risks for healthy Dogs. The Dog hospital is, and should be, an entirely different proposition; a very sound and useful one, too, for properly qualified organisers. But no Dog with a vestige of disease should be admitted to the canine boarding-house.

"Look, Mummy, there is Daddy going along the street."

"Which side is he walking on?"

"Both sides."

THE "Allegro"
AUTOMATIC HONING & STROPPING MACHINE

Combines in the one machine the STONE for HONING and the LEATHER for STROPPING.

PRICE 15/6

". . . About five years ago I purchased one of your 'Allegro' machines and during the whole of the time I have used only two blades—which speaks well for the sharpening qualities of the 'Allegro'."
(Signed) J. A. GOUNDRY (Rev.)

TRY IT—MONEY BACK AFTER A WEEK'S TEST.

From all Stores, Cutlers, Druggists, etc.

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Throat dry and sore?

The power of the "Allenburys" Glycerine and Black Currant Pastilles to soothe and refresh the throat wins for them the recommendation of all who try them. Throat comfort acquires a new meaning, once you have experienced the effect of an "Allenburys" Glycerine and Black Currant Pastille. Specially made from pure glycerine and the fresh juice of ripe black currants—they are delicious.

Allenburys Glycerine & Black Currant PASTILLES

8d. and 1/3 per box from chemists.

CASTILLON
BRANDY COGNAC AT ITS VERY BEST
The
ARISTOCRAT OF COGNAC

Willing

DOG MIXTURE
In Bottles from 2/6
BENBOWS
THE FINEST TONIC & PICK-ME-UP
2 BARTHOLEMEW CLOSE LONDON, E.C.1.

MARLBOROUGH GATE SECRETARIAL COLLEGE
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has vacancies for well-educated girls and women training for higher secretarial appointments and for openings in industry. Specialists in Shorthand, Typewriting, Accountancy and Languages. For full particulars apply Registrar, 3 Marlborough Gate, W.2.
Phone: PADDINGTON 3320.
Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons, Ltd.

ADDRESSING THE BALL

"Well, N.B., you heard what the pro. said about you then? Makes you blush, doesn't it? Frankly, I don't mind telling you I hadn't the foggiest notion what he meant with all his talk about "minimum retardation" and "anti-frictional centre" and all the rest of it! But I *will* say this (if you'll promise not to get a swelled head), that I'm absolutely in agreement when he says that you're the best pal a moderate player ever had. *I've* never found another ball that went so far and so truly. And I believe you *couldn't* be putted off the straight if I tried.

Sometimes I feel like being greedy and keeping all your good qualities to myself—but for the good of the game I think every golfer ought to know how really good is the

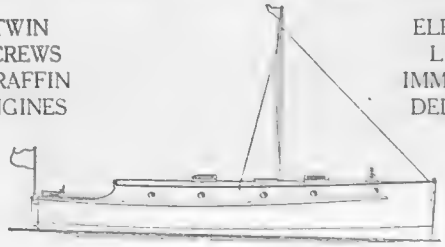
NORTH BRITISH

From your "pro"

THE NORTH BRITISH RUBBER COMPANY, LIMITED
Head Office and Factories: CASTLE MILLS, EDINBURGH
Sales Dept.: 200-208, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.C.1

WHY NOT
DRINK THE BEST
PIPER-HEIDSIECK
CHAMPAGNE?
ANCIENT HOUSE OF HEIDSIECK
ESTABLISHED 1785

"KELVIN" FAMILY CRUISER
Standard Design. *Moderate Price.*
SLEEPS 4 IN COMFORTABLE BERTHS.
TWIN SCREWS PARAFFIN ENGINES
ELECTRIC LIGHT IMMEDIATE DELIVERY



THE BERGIUS CO., LTD., DOBBIE'S LOAN, GLASGOW.

THE GOURMET — Conducted by EMILIA

Dîner

BRANDY OR GIN COCKTAIL.

CRÈME DE ASPERGES.

MAYONNAISE DE HOMARD.
POULET À LA MARYLAND.
POMMES DE TERRE FRITES.
HARICOTS VERTS.

COMPÔTE DE FRAISES.

SOUFFLÉ AU PARMESAN.

CAFÉ. DESSERT.

Brandy or Gin Cocktail

MIX a quarter of a pint of brandy or gin, half a gill of curaçoa, a tablespoonful of bitters, half a gill of ginger syrup, one pint of ice. Moisten the rim of the tumbler with the juice of a lemon.

Mayonnaise de Homard

REMOVE all the lobster from the shell, and also from the claws. Cut it up into fairly small pieces. Make a salad with lettuces, well washed and dried and torn up, slices of cucumber, beetroot, radishes, and make some good mayonnaise sauce with yolk of an egg, cream, salad oil, seasoning and tarragon vinegar. Place the lobster on the salad, pour the sauce over, and decorate with the small claws and coral.

Poulet à la Maryland

CLEAN and cut into pieces as for a fricassée, dip each piece into beaten egg and roll in fine breadcrumbs. Arrange in a deep buttered pan and place in a hot oven for three-quarters of an hour, basting with melted butter. Make a broth with the neck and tips of the wings. Into a clean saucepan put one tablespoonful of butter, one tablespoonful of flour, a pinch of salt and pepper. Stir until well mixed, add gradually one cupful of the broth, and when thickened add a sprig of parsley, a bay leaf, a sprig of thyme, and a slice of onion. Simmer for ten minutes and then strain into a clean pan, add two tablespoonfuls of chopped mushrooms and more seasoning if necessary, according to taste. While the chicken is being transferred to a hot dish mix together the beaten yolks of two eggs and half a cupful of cream and add to the sauce. Stir for a moment longer, then take quickly from the fire and add one tablespoonful of lemon juice. Then pour this round the chicken and garnish with sprigs of parsley and strips of crisply fried bacon before serving.

Compôte de Fraises

EITHER crush the strawberries or serve whole. The bowl should contain a liberal quantity of ice. Sprinkle sugar on the fruit, with a few drops of liqueur—maraschino for choice. Just before serving add a wineglassful of champagne.

WHERE to DINE and DANCE

Name of Restaurant.	*Maître d'Hôtel.*	*Extension.*	*Entertainment.*
AMBASSADORS CLUB	Carlo Bussetti	Thursday	Dance-Cabaret
ANGLAIS, CAFÉ	Borgo	Thursday	Dance-Cabaret
BERKELEY HOTEL	Ferraro	Wednesday	Dance-Cabaret
CARLTON HOTEL	Pratesi	Thursday	Dance-Cabaret
CIRO'S CLUB	Ferraro	Wednesday	Dance-Cabaret
CLARIDGE'S HOTEL	Charles	Wednesday	Dance (Sunday, Cabaret)
GROSVENOR HOUSE	Charles	Thursday	Dance-Cabaret
KETTNER'S	Vivari	Thursday	Rex Evans—Dancing
KIT-CAT RESTAURANT	Stocco	Thursday	Dance-Cabaret
MAY FAIR HOTEL	Charles	Wednesday	Dance-Cabaret
PARIS, CAFÉ DE	Conti	Wednesday	Dance-Cabaret
PICCADILLY HOTEL (LOUIS XIV)	Vairo	Thursday	Dance-Cabaret
QUAGLINO, CHEZ	Quaglino	Wednesday	Dance
SAVOY HOTEL	Santarelli	Thursday	Dance-Cabaret
SPLENDIDE HOTEL	Bologna	Wednesday	Dance-Cabaret

ICE CREAM in 30 SECONDS

The easiest, simplest and swiftest freezer in the world. Makes smoother, firmer and creamier ice cream. No chemicals required and no hard cranking necessary. A pint of delicious ice cream in 30 seconds or a gallon in 4 minutes with one filling of ice and freezing salt.

Gardner ½ MINUTE Freezer

Price £4.19.6

The Gardner ½-minute Freezer is non-electrical, hand operated and can be used with or without a refrigerator.

An ideal accessory of the incomparable

B T-H AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR

which will make you all the ice you need for the Gardner half-minute Freezer.

See that you have a Gardner Freezer in time for the Summer—think of it—Ice Cream in 30 seconds.

ASSOCIATED ELECTRICAL INDUSTRIES LTD.

THE EDISON SWAN ELECTRIC CO., LTD.
Refrigeration Department
1a, Newman St., Oxford St., London, W.1
Branches and Agents in all the Principal Towns

EDISWAN

R.10

Nature's Bulwark against Rheumatism

THE best medical authority affirms that the acid formations which cause rheumatic conditions can be successfully broken up and eliminated if taken in time.

Vichy-Célestins *Natural* Mineral Water is Nature's own antidote against rheumatic tendencies in the system. Drawn direct from the famous Célestins rock-spring, its tonic and mildly stimulating properties ward off the pains and penalties of *rheumatism*. Vichy-Célestins is also a safe and effective tonic-digestant.

Drink Vichy-Célestins *regularly* at meals. You'll like it and will derive great benefit from its use.

Obtainable at all Hotels, Clubs, Chemists, Stores, etc.

The French Natural Mineral Water.

VICHY-CÉLESTINS

CAUTION.—See that the label on the bottle bears the name of the *Sole Wholesale Agents:*

INGRAM & ROYLE, LTD.,

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VICHY ETAT

"The Goblet of Gold"

Jacob's Lager

Best and Brightest

FREDK JACOB & Co LTD
23, TOWER HILL, LONDON, E.C.3

High Blood Pressure

Successful New Treatment by Eminent Scientist

Recent medical research has now definitely proved that high blood pressure, hardened arteries, heart attacks, dizziness, palpitation, loss of memory and premature mental senility are usually due to the failure of the system to extract a certain quantity of silica from the food you eat. As a result the arteries lose their elasticity and become hard and brittle so that the blood cannot flow through them unless pumped by the heart at greatly increased pressure. After 25 years of intensive research, Dr. Vl. Mladejovsky of Prague University has produced in "Drosil" a successful treatment for these serious conditions, which supplies colloidal silica in a unique form easily assimilated by the depleted tissues. "Drosil" acts with certainty upon the arterial walls, restoring suppleness, reducing blood pressure and relieving heart strain. In "THE LANCET" recently Dr. Mladejovsky wrote that the Drosil treatment had not only proved successful but that its action was "surprisingly efficient in overcoming the subjective troubles of Arterio-Sclerosis." A London Heart Specialist writes: "I am glad to say I have found considerable benefit from Drosil tablets, so much so that I have ordered them for several patients." Suffer no longer with high blood pressure, dizziness, heart attacks and other symptoms of hardened arteries. Send 10s. (abroad 12s.) for one month's treatment to Drosil Agency, ST, 26, Sun Street, London, E.C.2, and let this medically-approved treatment alleviate your distress without delay. **Descriptive literature free.**

MONEY WON'T BUY HEALTH

DRINK MORE WATER

BERKEFELD FILTER BRITISH

The standard of perfect water filtration. A necessity in every home. A real safeguard against water impurities.

WRITE FOR BOOKLET.

Sardinia House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

THE JOY OF TENNIS

is frequently marred by the knowledge that the pleasure derived will probably be followed by the injury and discomfort of a rough and blistered skin. This can be obviated by an application to the face, neck and hands before and after a game, of

BEETHAMS Larola

Free from all injurious matter, delightfully fragrant, it imparts a feeling of freshness and exhilaration to the user, and enables the skin to brown becomingly without peeling or soreness.

1/6 and 2/6 per bottle.

From all Chemists and Stores, or post free direct from

M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM, ENGLAND

The Complexion will be greatly improved by using LAROLA TOILET POWDER, 2/6 per box, and a touch of LAROLA ROSE BLOOM, 1/- per box, which gives a perfectly natural tint to the cheeks. No one can tell they are artificial.

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"CAP POLONIO"

(21,000 tons gross)

via HAMBURG and beautiful Norway Fjords, STOCKHOLM & COPENHAGEN

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FARES London & back *from* £45

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STELP & LEIGHTON LIMITED
9/13, Fenchurch Buildings, E.C.3
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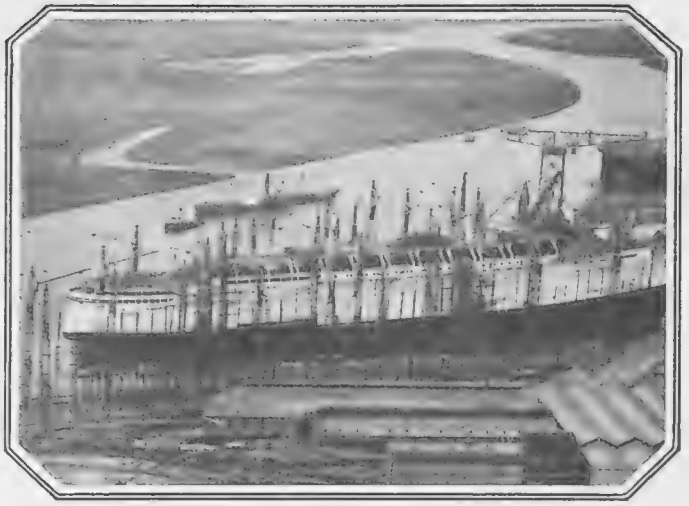
or Principal Tourist Agencies

THE EDITOR'S BOX

For Your Racket

The new Zephyr racket press is one which can be heartily recommended to all lawn tennis players. Not only is it more quickly and easily adjusted than the old-fashioned types of press, but its neatness and lightness alike commend themselves to owners of lawn tennis rackets who are quick to appreciate the merit of a labour-saving innovation. The Zephyr press is made of die-cast aluminium alloy, and weighs only 10 oz.; it fits snugly over the head of the racket in such a way that warping is impossible. The price of this press, which is manufactured by Zephyr Racket Press, Ltd., of 6, Duke Street, St. James's, W.1, is 5*s.* 6*d.* if made with a plain finish and 7*s.* 6*d.* if polished, and it is British made throughout. The Zephyr press is also supplied for badminton and squash rackets.



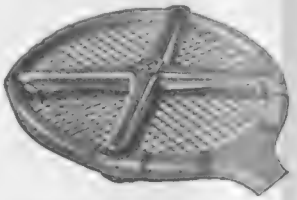
An aerial view of the new Canadian Pacific super-luxury liner, Empress of Britain. She was recently christened by the Prince of Wales when she was launched from Messrs. John Brown and Co's. shipyard. She will accommodate over 1,100 passengers

Well-groomed Heads

In the midst of the London season one's thoughts turn eagerly to holidays spent by the sea. Those who have any qualms about the effect of sea-water on their hair should make a point of visiting Aldworth and Hornett at 385, Oxford Street (adjoining Bond Street Underground Station). They are the proprietors of the New Pamoil Permanent Wave, which is as comfortable as a scalp massage and produces really excellent results. Their telephone numbers are Mayfair 4103-4104, and appointments should be made as early as possible.

A London of Long Ago

That part of London which lies in the immediate vicinity of Charing Cross is rich in memories of a London now dead. Trafalgar Square, Whitehall, St. Martin-in-the-Fields—all conjure up visions of a time when the motor 'bus and the taxi were not, and the coaches still rumbled over the cobbles in the streets. A most interesting little booklet, "Old Memories Revived," has just been issued by Messrs. Battersby and Co., Ltd., the well-known hatters, of Northumberland Avenue, Trafalgar Square, from whom it is obtainable on application, which is a mine of interesting information about the London that was.



The new Zephyr aluminium racket press. Light, neat and easily adjusted, it is a boon to players

Care of the Teeth

That viscous film which is so often present on our teeth is not only an unsightly discoloration—it is a definite cause of decay through the formation of acid. Pepsodent dentifrice has been created with the special object of fighting this film by increasing the alkalinity of the saliva, and results have proved its enormous success in this respect. Pepsodent makes teeth white by removing the dangerous film, and then keeps them white. Sold in tubes in 1*s.* 3*d.* and 2*s.* sizes—the larger tube containing twice as much as the smaller—Pepsodent will prove a real boon to all who appreciate the value of sound, white teeth, and are anxious to ward off the dangers caused through allowing film to remain.

Oxo Athletics

A most interesting and varied programme was arranged by the Oxo Sports Club for their annual meeting at Catford on Saturday, June 14. One hundred prizes were offered for competition. There were thirty-two events, and two cups were presented to the establishment scoring most points and for the tug-of-war respectively. In addition, the Lewisham League Shield was presented to the Oxo netball team, which has won this trophy for two years in succession. Races for ladies, members' children, and a Donkey Derby added to the amusement of the afternoon, and the Brixton and Clapham Silver Prize Band provided music. In the evening dancing concluded an excellent programme.

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Scottish Automobile and General

Head Office: 136-138 Hope Street, Glasgow, C.2.

THE WORLD SPA **WIESBADEN**

Germany's greatest Medical Baths. Notable performances in the Kurhaus and State Theatres.
WORLD FAMOUS THERMAL SALT SPRINGS AT 150° CURE: GOUT, RHEUMATISM, nervous disorders, metabolism, diseases of the respiratory and digestive organs. Cure diet (Kurdiat). Station of Rhine Steamers at Wiesbaden-Biebrich.

SALTS AND PASTILLES FOR EXPORT

Good accommodation at moderate prices. Hotel lists (8,000 beds) from the Municipal Information Office and Travel Bureaux.

DELICIOUS FRENCH COFFEE.

RED WHITE & BLUE

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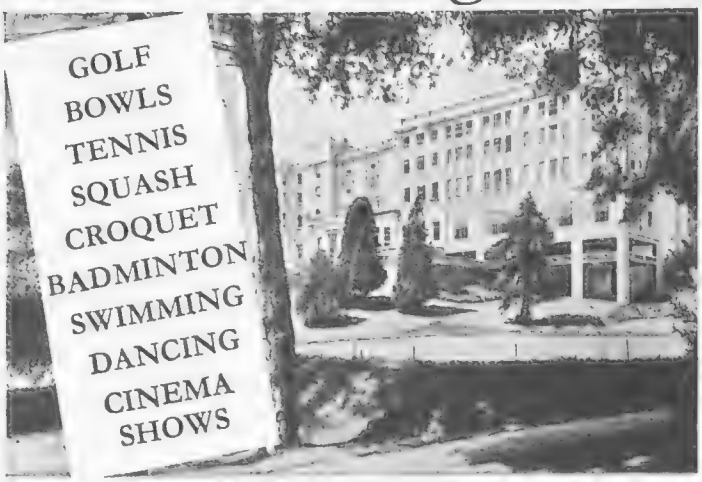

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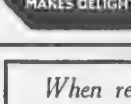

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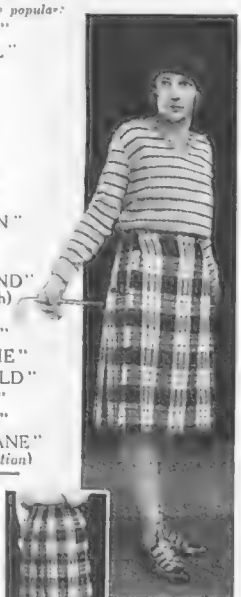

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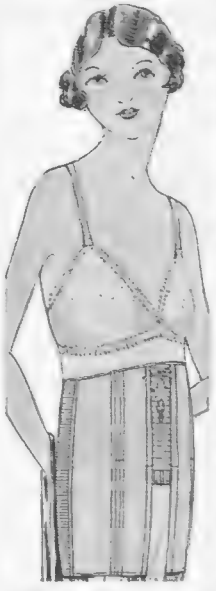

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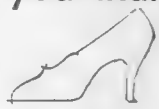

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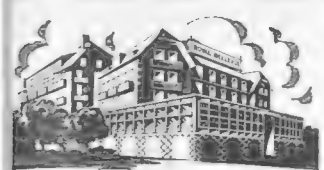

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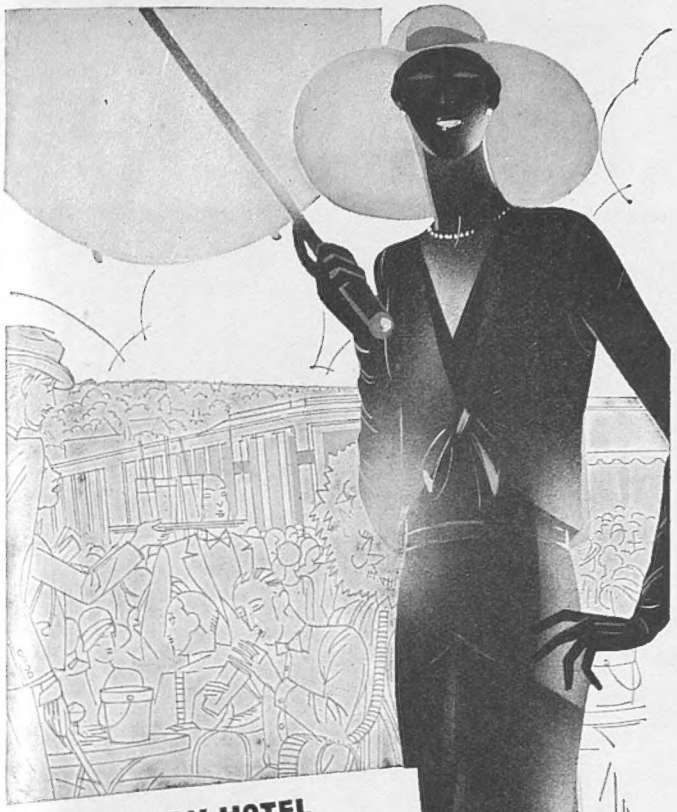

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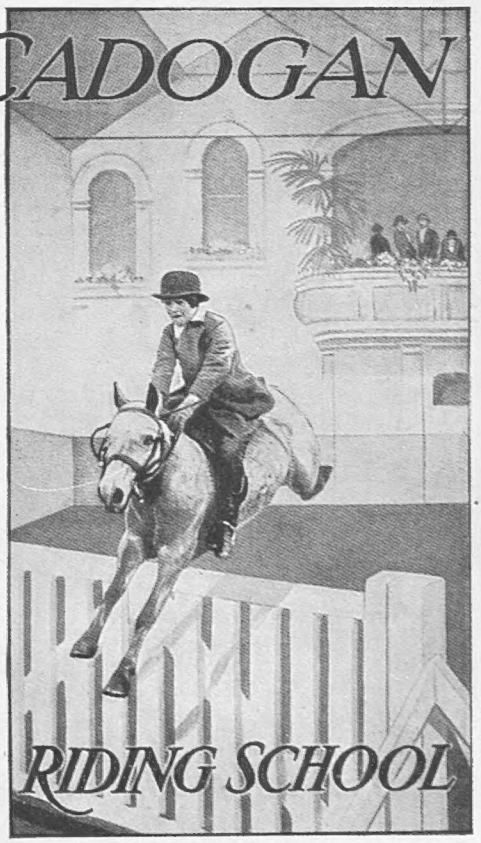

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Freddy : "Almost as bad. I've been racing ; decided to try the 'Tote,' took a hundred with me, and before I'd been on the racecourse five minutes it had gone—pocket picked."

Sir Edward : "Bad luck or carelessness ?"

Freddy : "Little of each, I suppose. However, that wasn't so serious. I met Bob and borrowed a century from him."

Sir Edward : "A hundred to the bad before the first race."

Freddy : "Yes, then the trouble started. Got a good tip a few minutes before the 'Off,' dashed to the 'Tote,' found hundreds more, all trying to get on at the last moment, and a real scrimmage to get my tickets."

Sir Edward : "Most unpleasant. Did you back the winner ?"

Freddy : "Yes, but I had to queue up in the pouring rain to get my winnings—was barged into right and left, and to cap it all I never backed another winner. I'm disgusted and fed up ! You look jolly comfortable. What have you been doing ?"

Sir Edward : "Been sitting here doing in comfort exactly what you've been trying to do—back winners. What's more, I've succeeded in backing four, full 'Tote' odds, too."

Freddy : "How's that possible ?"

Sir Edward : "Why, simply by taking advantage of Duggie's wonderful service, 'a "Tote" in every Telegraph Office.' He should have added 'in every home,' because 'phoning is as easy as telegraphing."

Freddy : "But how about when you are at the races, one has to go to the 'Tote' then ?"

Sir Edward : "Not at all, you can wire him up to the 'Off.' Besides, one retains one's dignity, and settles Monday, like a gentleman ; that's why I'm so *enthusiastic* about Duggie."

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Douglas Stuart

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